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By the men . . . for the men in the service

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BLACKSMITH IN LOLOLAND

Has the Army's Infantry Training Improved?

PAGES 16 & 17

A flaming Jap suicide plane is dropping into the sea off the stern of the target it failed to hit.

The USS Newcombe *managed to bring down the first Jap suicider and to dodge the second. The third plane connected and left the crippled destroyer easy prey for two more hits. With all power and communications knocked out, the tin can still survived.*

By EVAN WYLIE SP1c (PR) USCGR
YANK Staff Correspondent

OKINAWA, RYUKYUS—The skipper of the destroyer stood on the bridge, his head thrown back, peering through glasses at the ack-ack fire high on the horizon. "They're at it again," he said. He lowered the glasses and pulled his baseball cap down over his eyes. "They're licked, but they keep coming back for more. Now it's suicide planes with suicide pilots—the *Kamikaze* Corps. Means 'divine wind' they tell me. Kids with a little flight training hopped up with the idea of joining their ancestors in the most honorable way possible."

He smiled and the lines of fatigue and strain made deep furrows in his weather-beaten face. "It's a weird business; something that only a Jap would dream up. Almost every day they claim they've sunk another hundred of our ships. Actually we shoot most of them down before they get to us. Some get through, of course. They're bound to. A few hit. If they only knew how few, maybe they'd quit."

The destroyer was the *USS Newcombe*. She had taken the worst the *kamikaze* boys could offer. Seven Jap suiciders had hurled their planes at her, determined to destroy the ship and themselves in one big moment of beautiful everlasting glory. Three had been shot down. Four had connected. The *Newcombe* still was afloat and most of her crew still were alive. Some of them were sitting cross-legged on the deck below playing cards. They didn't look as if they were very much awed by the attention of the Japanese Navy's special attack corps.

THE weather that day had been good. The *Newcombe*, patrolling off Okinawa, slid easily through the slight swell, her crew at battle stations. The air defense had passed word that an attack by Jap suicide planes was expected, but the afternoon wore on and there were no visitors. The crew, restless from their long stay at the guns, watched the sun drop down toward the horizon. It would soon be time for evening chow.

"Bogies coming in ahead."

In the turrets the men stretched out on the deck beside the guns leaped to their stations. On the 20s the gunners who had been dozing in their harnesses snapped erect. The electric motors whined. The gun muzzles arched around, sweeping the target area. The destroyer shivered as the throbbing engines picked up speed. The seas began to curl away from her bow. In a moment the *Newcombe* was knifing through the water at better than 25 knots.

"Bogies in sight, bearing three zero zero."

What had been mere specks in the sky grew suddenly larger. They were Japs, all right. A whole swarm of them. One detached himself from the group and headed for the *Newcombe*. The can's heavy guns challenged him. Dirty brown bursts appeared in the sky. One Jap bore through them, jigging from side to side as he tried to line up the ship in his sights. He was a suicider, deliberately trying to crash the ship. The *Newcombe* shook as her 40s and 20s joined in. Their bullets hammered into the Jap. He faltered, lost control and splashed into the sea 400 yards away.

Another plane tried it. The *Newcombe's* guns blazed savagely. The second plane disappeared in a wall of ack-ack. For a moment the gunners thought they had him, too. Then he burst into view, much closer. A yellow flame flickered along his left wing. He was starting to burn out but still he came on. Commander Ira McMillian of Coronado, Calif., stood on the wing of his bridge, eyes fastened on the approaching plane. At the last minute he shouted an order. In the wheel house the quartermaster spun the wheel. The speeding destroyer heeled over in a sharp, rivet-straining turn. It was too late for the Jap to change his course. There was a splash and a great ball of yellow flame as he plunged into the sea at the spot where the *Newcombe* had been a moment before.

The bogies buzzed warily about out of range, seeking an opening. One thought he saw it. Zooming up, he made a quick diving turn, levelled out and came in low, the belly of his fuselage a few feet above the waves. The *Newcombe's* 5-inch batteries pointed. A burst threw the Jap down against the water. He staggered, recovered and kept coming. Comdr. McMillian barked his order for a change in the course. But this time the onrushing plane swerved freakishly in the same direction. For an instant the men of the *Newcombe* had a glimpse of the pilot hunched forward in the cockpit, his begoggled face an impassive mask. Then the plane shot past them, ripped through the gun mount and shattered itself against the afterstack. There was a blinding flash. The *Newcombe* shuddered and rolled heavily to starboard.

ON the signal bridge Richard Hiltburn SM3c of Tacoma, Wash., was flung high into the air by the explosion. Before he landed unhurt on the deck he caught a glimpse of the bits of plane, guns and men flying in all directions. Wounded men struggled to gain their feet. Others lay motionless, already beyond help. Escaping steam roared from the broken pipes. But the *Newcombe* had been hit before. The rest of the crew remained on station. Up in the wheel house the quartermaster wrote carefully in the ship's log: "Plane hit our stack, causing damage not known at present." A mile behind the *Newcombe* another ship saw the flash of the exploding plane. Altering her course she started for the scene at full speed.

She wasn't the only one who saw the plane hit the *Newcombe*. One of the bogies noted it too. He banked around and came for a closer look. He probably wasn't expecting much opposition but a surprise was waiting for him. The *Newcombe's* guns still packed a punch. The startled Jap veered as the 5-inch batteries opened up. He wasn't quick enough. The burst hit him. He caught fire. His wing dropped off and he spun into the water.

From his post on the bridge wing Jesse Fitzgerald SM1c noticed the ship's photographer lying helpless on the platform half way up the undamaged forward stack. Running aft he climbed the ladder to the platform. As Fitzgerald bent over the photographer, the *Newcombe's* guns started again. Whirling around he saw not one but two planes attacking, one from the port bow, the other from the port quarter. As they closed in, the guns in their wings started winking. The bullets richocheted from the bridge and whined around Fitzgerald.

Aboard the *Newcombe* the gunfire rose to a crescendo. Again Comdr. McMillian tried to dodge at the last minute but the ship had lost too much speed. The planes were upon her. One buried itself in the base of Fitzgerald's stack; the other dove into the hole made by the first suicider. There was a tremendous explosion. A giant fist seemed to descend upon the *Newcombe* and drive her down into the water. Men and gun tubes alike disappeared skyward. The heavy steel hatches which had been tightly dogged down were blown off their hinges, twisted like sheet metal. Engulfed in flame and billowing black smoke, the *Newcombe* lost headway and slowly came to a dead stop in the water, all her power and communications knocked out.

Up forward the dazed men picked themselves up and stumbled out to see what had happened to their ship. The bridge and forward portion of the *Newcombe* were relatively undamaged but the flame and smoke amidships hid the stern from view altogether. Shielding their faces from the searing heat, the men tried to peer through it. Was the stern still there, they wondered. There was no way of knowing. "Stern is gone," someone cried and many men believed him.

Signalman Fitzgerald had ducked at the last minute. Miraculously he and the wounded photographer were untouched by the explosion. Looking down, Fitzgerald found the base of the stack surrounded by burning gasoline and wreckage from one of the planes. Above him the coils of wiring in the broken rigging whipped about, crackling

Sailors battle flames on the flight deck of the carrier Saratoga, hit by kamikazes off Iwo Jima.

KAMIKAZE

and spitting, showering the decks below in a cascade of blue sparks. Fitzgerald took his man down the ladder and found a path through the burning gasoline to the forward part of the ship. He applied a tourniquet to the photographer's bleeding leg and then rushed back to the bridge to help put out the fires in the signal flag bags.

Men on the other destroyer had seen the second and third planes hit the *Newcombe*, had seen her go dead in the water half-hidden in the clouds of smoke. As the distance between the two ships narrowed they could make out figures stumbling about in the dense smoke that covered the *Newcombe*'s stern. Other figures lay along her starboard deck waving feebly, too badly hurt to move. Into the smoke went the other destroyer.

At almost collision speed she swept up alongside the *Newcombe*. There was a grinding crash as the two ships came together. The men jumped across and made the ships fast. Fire hoses were snaked across the rails. Powerful streams of water leaped from their nozzles and drove the flames back from the prostrate men. Rescue parties rushed in and dragged them to safety.

The suicide boys were not through. Another plane was roaring in, headed straight for the *Newcombe*'s bridge. Looking up, Joseph Piolata WT2c, of Youngstown, Ohio, saw the other destroyer firing right across the *Newcombe*'s deck. The gunners did their best but the *Newcombe*'s superstructure hid the plane from their sights. On both ships the men watched helplessly. This was the kill. The *Newcombe* could never survive another hit.

But the battered, burning can still had fight in her. Incredulously the men of the *Newcombe*, crouched on her stern, struggling in the water, lying wounded on the deck heard their ship's forward batteries firing. There was no power but the gunners were firing anyway—by hand.

The gunnery officer stood at his station shouting the range data to the men in the forward 5-inch turrets. In the No. 2 turret Arthur McGuire GM1c, of St. Louis, Mo., rammed shells with broken, bleeding fingers. His hand had been caught by a hot shell while firing at the third plane but he was still on the job. The Jap had the *Newcombe*'s bridge in his sights. It looked as if he couldn't miss. The burst from McGuire's gun caught him and blew him sideways. The hurtling plane missed the bridge by a scant eight feet, skidded across the *Newcombe's* ruptured deck and plowed into the other destroyer.

With a gaping hole in the afterdeck and the portside a tangled web of broken lines and wildly sprouting fire hoses, she drifted slowly away.

WITHOUT water to fight the fire still raging amidships the *Newcombe* was doomed. But the destroyer's crew contained some notoriously obstinate people. Donald Keeler MM2c, of Danbury, Conn., was one of them. Keeler had been at his station in the after steering compartment. He was knocked down by the explosions but got up and put the ship in manual control. When it became evident that all the power was gone he joined the crowd on the stern just in time to hear that the after ammo-handling rooms were burning and the magazines were expected to go any minute.

Keeler elected to fight the fire. His only hope lay in the "handy billy," a small, portable pump powered by a gasoline engine. The engine was started like an outboard motor—by winding a rope around the flywheel and giving it a quick tug. Like all outboard motor engines sometimes it started, and then again sometimes it didn't.

Groping around in the blistering heat, Keeler found the handy billy. Carefully he wound the rope around the flywheel, held his breath and yanked. The engine kicked over and kept going. Now Keeler had water. He and Donald Newcomer WT1c, of Portland, Oreg., took the hose in the No. 4 handling room and went to work on the fire. Malcom Giles MM3c, of San Jose, Calif., and Lt. David Owens, of Waukesha, Wis., joined them. The four men got the fire under control. Then they dragged the pump forward.

The No. 3 handling room was a roaring furnace. Steel dripped like solder from overhead. In the galley next door the heat had already transformed the copper kettles into pools of molten metal. Flames shot from the ammo hoists like the blast of a huge blowtorch. It looked hopeless but Newcomer shoved the hose in the doorway. No sooner had he done so than a wave came overside and doused the pump. The chattering handy billy spluttered and died. Keeler rushed back to the pump. Again he wound the rope around the flywheel, gritted his teeth and yanked. "I think I even prayed that second time," he says. "But the damn thing popped right off, something it wouldn't do again in a million years."

The men went back into the handling room. They kept the hose in there, taking turns. The magazines didn't blow up.

Up forward the sailors were trying to fight the fire with hand extinguishers. A withering blast of heat drove them back. Their life jackets smoking; their clothing was afire. The *Newcombe*'s doctor, Lt. John McNeil of Boston, Mass., and Edward Redding QM3c, found one of the crew battling the flames with hair ablaze, half blind from the blood dripping from the shrapnel wounds in his face and forehead. With difficulty they dragged him off to the emergency dressing station in the wardroom. Many of the pharmacist's mates were out of action. Men with only first-aid training helped McNeil mix blood plasma for the burn cases.

Earl Sayre CPhM, of Roseville, Ohio, was trapped on the stern unable to get his casualties forward. He was working on a fracture when someone tugged on his sleeve. "Blue Eyes has been hit bad. Looks like he's bleeding to death."

Blue Eyes was the youngest member of the crew. He had come aboard claiming 18 years but the men had taken one look at him and decided he must have lied to get in. They teased him by calling him Blue Eyes and it became his name. Now he lay on the deck, blood spurting from a vein in his neck. Sayre had no instruments. He knelt down beside Blue Eyes and stopped the flow of blood with his fingers. He stayed there while a second plane came in and hit the other destroyer 20 feet away. He stayed there for almost an hour longer until they could come and take Blue Eyes away and operate on him and save his life. But Sayre had saved it already.

The rest of the Japs had been driven off. It was beginning to get dark when a ray of hope came to the exhausted men of the *Newcombe*. Keeler's volunteer fire department seemed to be holding the fires. Perhaps now they could save their ship. But the wave that had stopped the handy billy was followed by another and another.

The *Newcombe* was sinking. The weight of the water that the hoses had poured into her after compartments was dragging her down. The rising water moved steadily forward. It reached the after bulkhead of the forward engine room. If it broke through, the *Newcombe* was done for. And the bulkhead already was leaking.

Back on the stern Lt. Charles Gedge of Detroit, Mich., and torpedomen Richard Mehan of Verona, N. J., Richard Spencer of Roddick, Pa., and Joseph Zablotny of Boswell, Pa., had neutralized the depth charges and dumped them overside. After them went the wreckage, smashed equipment, anything that would lighten the stern.

In the forward engine room the damage control party shored up the bulging bulkhead. Water oozed from it but it held. With less than one foot of free board between sea and her decks, the *Newcombe* stopped sinking.

Now the blinkers flashed in the darkness. Other destroyers were coming alongside. Over their rails came men with fire hoses and pump lines, doctors and pharmacist's mates with plasma and bandages. Tugs were on the way. The fight was over.

The *Newcombe*'s men had answered the question: just how much punishment can a destroyer take? The answer was: just as much as any gang of Japs can dish out, provided her crew never stops trying to save her.

Red Army troops in Austria have come from a devastated land and they're bitter about the German farms still untouched by war.

By Pfc. IRA H. FREEMAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

"We were seated at a table and the colonel said 'schnapps, Russki.' A KP with a big white apron on him began loading the table with chow and liq

Hammer and Sickle in Graz

KOEFLACH, AUSTRIA — "I can't get any place with these Russians," the captain in charge of the last British outpost here said with a sigh. "When I go to see them about over-extending their zone, for instance, they won't pay any attention to business.

"They throw their arms around you and drag you in for a drink. Toasts are proposed in a language you can't understand at all, but the vodka starts flowing, and in a little while what you came for just fades away.

"I won't drink with them anymore. But I don't seem to have much greater success anyway."

There were two road blocks on the main highway to Graz, the large Austrian city held by the Russians. One was set up here at Koeflach by a company of London Irish Rifles, with armored support at the limit of the British zone of occupation; the other, a double gate, was maintained by a Russian unit at Voitsberg.

The road blocks were erected soon after the junction of the British Eighth Army with the Third Ukrainian Army of Marshal Feodor Tolbukhin. In between were two miles of "no-man's land," where there were no troops at all.

At the Russian barrier, a lone sentry waved vehicles to a stop with a little square red flag, like a danger flag. The sentry was one of those spare, grizzled riflemen we saw often among the Red troops here, a man about 50 with a large, drooping mustache. These older soldiers stood guard, or directed traffic with semaphore flags, or drew housekeeping details at billets.

Even these middle-aged soldiers looked rugged, with the ruggedness that comes of hard labor rather than athlete training.

With considerable yelling in Russian, the road guard passed us on to a colonel in blue riding breeches (other officers and enlisted men wore khaki), who ushered us into a farmhouse the unit had requisitioned.

We were seated at a cloth-covered table and the colonel said to us "*schnapps, Russki.*" A KP with a big white apron over his uniform began loading the table with chow and liquor. He clicked his heels and stood at attention each time he put down a plate.

We ate good Russian rye bread, sweet butter, salami and a kind of plain cookie. The vodka was served separately by a young officer, who got bawled out by the colonel because the first round wasn't good enough; after that he put out swell, smooth, powerful stuff.

True to the reputation of the Russian Army, the colonel and four or five officers surrounded us for the wet welcome all foreigners apparently must undergo. The lieutenant kept filling our three-ounce glasses with vodka. Each shot was chased by a goblet of Austrian beer and a tumbler of excellent white wine from Sevastopol, in the Crimea. We got none of the champagne and caviar the Red Army is supposed to live on.

The colonel said he was from Sibirsk in Siberia. There were also Ukrainian and Don Cossack units in this part of Austria. This unit was a guards infantry regiment.

In contrast to the enlisted men and some lower-ranking officers we saw later, these Russians were well-dressed. The colonel was so anxious to make a good appearance that he slipped away for a quick shave.

The Russians expressed pleasure that Hitler and Mussolini were dead, regret that Roosevelt and Willkie were also dead. They mentioned Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Company, Morgan, Hoover, Dewey, Ford and Paul Robeson, the Negro baritone whose son was brought up in the Soviet Union; apparently they wanted to show they knew something of current history in the States. With one exception, the Russians we met in this area seemed very enthusiastic about Americans.

One Red Army man who spoke German said America had given the Red Army 7,000 Airacobras, 5,000 tanks, 10,000 other vehicles and millions of boots, all of which "vas gut, gut."

The Russian officers and enlisted men wore their medals all the time, not just the ribbons. Nowhere could you see an undecorated officer, and most of the EM had medals too.

The Russian medals are five-pointed stars in red enamel, with the profile of Lenin or Suvorov or whomever the order is named for engraved in the center. The colonel had six.

The colonel gave us a pass to go through numerous road guards on our way to Graz, where we hoped to get permission to continue to Vienna and pick up a Red Army interpreter. The pass was not necessary; the sentries, seeing the white star on the hood of our jeep, snapped to attention and saluted as we roared by.

ON the way we stopped at a small Russian bivouac to change a tire. A Red GI mechanic provided tools and pitched in to help without being asked. We walked through his bivouac in a large yard behind a house. The canvas shelters looked flimsy, inferior to our shelter halves.

Gear was scattered over the area, and food lay uncovered in the warm air. Apparently Russian GIs don't have to police the area as much as American GIs.

The mechanic was working in his regular khakis, which, of course, were begrimed with automobile grease. We noticed no fatigues.

All the Austrians we met were terrified of the Russians occupying the country and they told horror tales about Russian offenses against civilians. But British PWs who had been liberated by the Russians said the Red MPs maintained strict discipline among Soviet troops and added that the Russians treated them and the American PWs fine; "couldn't do enough for us, I'd say."

Graz had been fairly well worked over by Allied bombers, but was not too badly wrecked. As we drove around, looking for HQ, an Austrian woman ran to the jeep, crying in English:

"Americans? Thank God, you have come! The Americans will come to Graz? The *Russki* will go?"

A Russian girl traffic cop directed us to the

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Kommandatur in the city hall on the main *platz* of the town. Those female MPs must have been classified by the Red Army personnel section for their efficiency. They certainly were no pin-ups—short and dumpy, with huge busts. The girls packed automatics on their hips and tended strictly to business. The male MPs, even those directing traffic, carried rifles on their backs.

The center of the main *platz* was full of Red Army vehicles, mostly GI jeeps and trucks we had sent to Russia on lend-lease.

Patrols varying from a squad to a platoon in size were marching through the streets of Graz, armed with rifles and tommy guns. The men carried their weapons at sling arms, even when marching in close order at attention, and they were singing, just as they do in the newsreels. Singing made it unnecessary, as well as impossible, to count cadence.

They sang in harmony, not all on the lead, as American troops do on the rare occasions when they sing at all. The tenors and typically Russian baritones could be heard giving out with their different parts. When a patrol had to pause to let cross traffic by, the men marked time and kept singing.

"*Russki* never sleep," several Austrian families in a village outside Graz protested. "They march on the roads all night past our windows, singing at the top of their lungs. They do it just to keep us awake and scared."

And driving through the countryside at 11 o'clock at night, we passed a company tramping the highway and shouting their Slavonic tunes. But the Red Army had the singing habit years before it reached Austria.

Sometimes they made whoopee that kept the neighbors up; once some Cossacks climbed on their horses with a bottle or two and rode around the edges of Koeflach firing into the air.

The entrance to the ornate City Hall at Graz was blocked by a large group of Russian GIs hanging around, some lying on the sidewalk in the doorway, apparently awaiting a formation. They looked shabby by our standards, perhaps because their blouse was so full and was gathered loosely at the waist by a garrison belt, and because of the baggy pants and spiral puttees.

But the Red Army had come 1,700 miles cross-country from Stalingrad to Berlin, fighting for every inch; you would not expect much spit-and-polish on the Russian soldier in Naziland right after VE-Day.

The sentry on duty at the *Kommandatur* directed us to the second floor. Outside the office of the town commander it was the usual madhouse found in military government offices during the first hectic weeks of any Allied occupation. Red Army officers were bustling in and out, while a lot of bewildered civilians wandered about waving applications and permits. Other civilians, who had apparently given up, were sitting dejectedly on benches around the walls.

A couple of young Austrians who wore red arm bands were doing liaison work. In spite of their nervous inefficiency we got in to the town commander, a major general.

THE general was the only fat man we saw among the Red troops. He was enormous. He must have weighed 250 pounds, a huge barrel of a man about 60 years old. His big, round head was entirely bald, not one hair even at the temples. He chain-smoked Jerry cigarettes and gave frequent grunts as he listened to our story. He had the biggest collection of fruit salad of any Russian officer we saw.

Unlike the Russians we met earlier, the general did not welcome us with embraces and vodka. While we were explaining what we wanted, the general closed one eye and bored a hole through us with the other.

In the end, we did not get clearance to Vienna or anywhere else in Russian hands. We got the bum's rush back where we came from, the British lines at Koeflach.

As we left Graz a small parade of Ukrainians headed by a band passed through the *platz*. Most of the men in line were infantry, many with the shaven head characteristic of the Russian soldier.

Their rifles were bolt-action, the metal parts finished nickel-bright rather than gun-blued. Contrary to stories you used to hear, the bayonets were not welded to the muzzle to keep the men from using the blade as can openers. The bayonets were removable.

Some of the infantrymen carried tommy guns, said to be their favorite weapon. Their guns had drum clips and looked heavy.

The Russians use a lot more horses than we do. In the parade there were cavalrymen wearing high leather boots, followed by horse-drawn antitank guns. There were some .30-caliber, water-jacketed machine guns, similar to the British Vickers of the same size, but these weapons were mounted on heavy steel two-wheeled carriages instead of the tripod the British and American armies use.

"We've got to run out to see our Russian friends again," the British captain in charge of the Koeflach outpost said the next day. "They came over the mountains during the night and put up a new barrier that seems to be three miles within our zone."

The British jeeps and two light tanks found the new Red barrier on a secondary road at St. Martin, a hamlet near Koeflach. A hard-bitten Cossack cavalry platoon had set it up and had moved into a farmhouse there. The British got the usual noisy welcome, and the Russians crowded around.

"No, no, thank you, no *schnapps*," the captain insisted. "Why have you set up this road block?"

When this was translated into German for the Cossack major, who knew only a little of that language, he said firmly, "*mein posta, mein posta.*" And he turned to show the British his equipment and to examine the British tanks. While the fruitless conference was going on, the *hausfrau* came up, weeping because the Russian horses were grazing in her crops.

The little, dark-skinned Cossack major howled at the horses to startle them out of the field. Then he hammered the air with his fists:

"German bomb, bomb, bomb . . . Dnepropetrovsk *kaput* . . . bomb, bomb, bomb. . . . Rostov *kaput* . . . Sevastopol *kaput*, Stalingrad *kaput*, Leningrad *kaput* . . . houses gone, farm gone, people gone . . ."

He looked angrily at the undamaged Austrian farm.

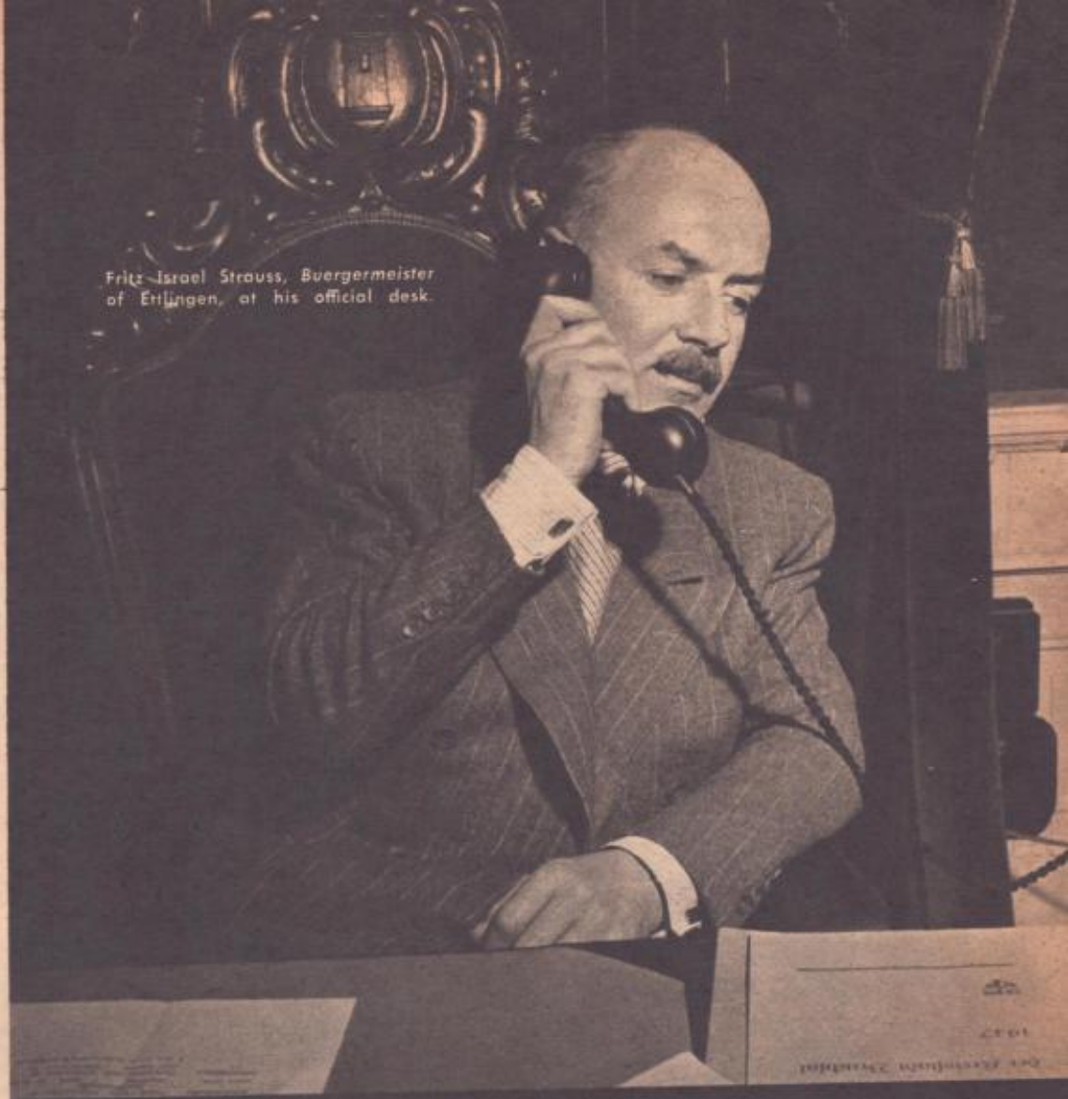
This Red Army GI belongs to a Cossack unit holding a road block at the limit of the Russian zone of occupation. Characteristically, his head is shaved.

Ukrainians parade through the streets of Graz, as seen from the office of the town commander in the City Hall. These outfits had horse-drawn guns and equipment.

New Mayor for

The new Jewish mayor appointed by MG got to know the Germans he now governs from the very intimate perspective of Nazi concentration camps.

By Sgt. HARRY SIONS
YANK Staff Correspondent



Fritz Israel Strauss, *Buergermeister* of Ettlingen, at his official desk.

ETTLINGEN, GERMANY—Fritz Israel Strauss, the *Buergermeister* of Ettlingen, walked across his private chambers in the *Rathaus* to the windows overlooking the town square. He stared down for a moment, then turned around.

"Yesterday," he said, "a man shook my hand in the square, an important man in the town, the owner of a large clothing store. Two months ago, if he had seen me, he would have reported me to the *Gestapo*; he would have sent me to my death. Today I am his *Buergermeister*, and he shakes my hand. A strange business, eh?"

He walked back to his handsome oak official chair and sat down, a short, stocky, egg-bald man with a pugnacious jaw and a black mustache flecked with grey. He looked older than his 42 years; "twelve years playing hide-and-seek with the *Gestapo* ages a man," he said. He was hard-boiled and aggressive and he talked with the concentrated vigor of a man who had waited a long time to get something off his chest. He rested his hands palm-down on his desk. "It's a strange business," he repeated. "Like a strange dream."

Ettlingen is an industrial town of 12,000 population, a dozen miles from Karlsruhe, the capital of Baden in southern Germany. French troops of the Seventh Army swept into the town on April 16, and Strauss "got out of his hole" in the cellar of a farmhouse where he had been hiding for three months before the town's capture. French Military Government officials at once offered him the job of *Buergermeister*, or mayor.

"Believe me, I didn't want the job," he said. "Three times they asked me to take it. Twice I refused. The third time I accepted. Perhaps it is a duty I owe—not to them," and he gestured with contempt toward the window, "but to the dead of the concentration camps, and the half-dead who were left behind there."

Ettlingen was under fire for four days before its capture, but the French "aim must have been poor," because there was little damage. Most of it was in the workers' living quarters. During the first few days of occupation there was some looting by the troops, a couple of rapes and a few other excesses—"a small measure of repayment for what the *Wehrmacht* did to France." The French MG officers were highly cooperative and they escorted Strauss to his office, opened a bottle of wine and said: "The town's problems are in your hands. Get to work."

He got to work. The first thing he did was "clean out the vermin"—fire immediately the 50 party men who had worked in the town government and public services. He appointed a new City Council of five: one Communist, one Socialist, one Social Democrat and two Catholic Party men (there were two Catholics appointed to the Council because Ettlingen is more than 75 percent Catholic) and appointed each man head of a department: health, utilities, food supply, labor supply and housing.

He located Nazi party men from lists found by the MG and organized Nazi work squads to dig graves for the French and Germans who had been killed in the fighting in and around Ettlingen; he made them clean the debris from the streets and do other emergency labor.

IN LESS than two weeks the town's water and electricity and other public utilities were functioning normally. For awhile there was a food shortage; the mayor requisitioned six trucks to get food, and especially potatoes, from the farmers to feed the 12,000 regular population, the 4,000 bombed-out refugees and the 1,000 French troops stationed around Ettlingen. He helped UNRRA officials, who were operating camps for the 3,500 displaced persons who had been slave labor in Ettlingen's industrial plants during the war.

The schools had been closed; he obtained permission to open them three days a week, "not only for the sake of religion, but to take the children off their mothers' hands." The Council organized work-groups of children from 12 to 14 years old to kill potato bugs—a great danger to the crop

"You see these people walking in our streets? A pleasant people—and all rotten inside."

this year—and groups of 14-to-16-year-olds to work on farms and in forests and to collect loose ammunition and firearms. Each of the work groups was put under the leadership of boys carefully picked from trusted Catholic and Socialist families.

The town's industries—paper and cellulose mills, machine-tool plants and iron-works—were repaired so they would be ready to operate when the railroads were running. All property which had been owned by the Nazis was put in trusteeship, and the mayor recommended that it be turned over to those who had been robbed and persecuted by the Nazis, or to their families.

THEY renamed the Nazi streets: *Adolf Hitler Strasse* was changed to *Heinrich Heine Strasse; Horst Wessel Strasse* became *Niemoeller Strasse.* Other streets were renamed for left wing Party men, workers and Catholics who had been murdered by the *Gestapo* or *SS*. All party books and pamphlets were taken from the schools, libraries, homes and public offices, and tossed in the garbage dump.

"We did not burn them, because fire purifies," Strauss said.

Now the stores are open and life is normal, as normal as life in any German town can be after 12 years of Hitlerism.

The mayor paused and looked hard for a moment. "You are thinking I am well pleased with myself, that I am saying: 'The work is done; the Nazis are driven out, the people are repentant, the streets have been renamed, and now we can start a fresh new life.' You are wrong. I'm not fooled. All this work could be undone in the time it takes to nail up a new street sign."

He smiled bitterly.

"A friend of mine came to see me when I assumed office and said 'Fritz, why do you retain your middle name Israel, which was a badge of shame under the Nazis?' and I told him it helps me refresh my memory."

He lit a Chesterfield and puffed furiously. "For 12 years I've hated the Germans. During these past five weeks, I've learned to despise them. You see these people walking in our streets? A pleasant people; men smoking their pipes on the street corners, women going to market holding their little girls by the hand. A pleasant, friendly people—and all rotten inside.

"They come to me at strange hours with their tales, late at night, when no one is watching. The other night one man came to me and whispered: 'Do you remember when Hugo Leichteller, the Socialist leader, was denounced to the *Gestapo*? Hans Mueller is the man.' They betray each other, these Germans; they betray their nation and their Christ."

He banged his fist on the desk. "There is one language Nazis understand: the fist in the face. There is one hope: hard ceaseless work. I would take all the 9,000,000 party members and send them to Russia, France, Poland—to all the countries they destroyed—and force them to rebuild for as long as 20 years. You must teach Nazis that they are a defeated people; you must jam their defeat down their throats."

He paused. "It is not a question of revenge. We who have suffered from the Nazis are beyond thoughts of revenge. It is a question of saving the world from another war.

"You Allies do not understand the Germans. You are too soft. You hire 'experts' who are Party men to work in the Military Government offices. These experts recommend other Nazis. Soon you have a ring of Nazis in the MG offices, in which each man vouches for the others and makes alibis. In Karlsruhe the French appointed a finance commissioner who was a Party man from 1931; in other places even *SS* men became MG *polizei*."

He looked at us. "You come from a nation where decency and honor are accepted like the air you breathe and the water you drink. But most of the Germans have lost their sense of honor; even their capacity for guilt. You have seen the posters of the concentration camps all over our town? The people look at them as if these camps were in another world.

"The non-Party man blames the Party; the Nazis blame the *SS*; the *SS* blames the higher officers; and the higher officers blame Hitler, who is dead or escaped. But I tell you they are all guilty, all except the few decent ones who are left. In Ettlingen I could point the decent ones out, one by one; the handful of workers, Socialists, Communists, Catholics and the priests who remained faithful to their trust.

"Even many of the men who were in office before '33 have learned nothing. They took pensions from the Nazis, and lived their small shrunken lives in fear. They are bankrupt too."

Herr Strauss was born in Freiburg, Baden. His people lived in Baden for more than 1,000 years; "our roots are as deep in the land as the trees of our Black Forest." He grew up and went to school in Freiburg, then moved to Karlsruhe, where he opened a store. During the '20s he was an active anti-Nazi. He wrote articles for Socialist newspapers and became head of a fraternal association of 30,000 Baden Jews, of whom 180 are known to be alive now.

In 1933, after Hitler got in power, Strauss left for Paris and married the following year. In 1935 he received a telegram from his father informing him of his mother's death and asking him to return to Germany. The wire was a *Gestapo* trap. When Strauss crossed the border at Kehl, near Strasbourg, he was picked up by the agents and thrown in prison at Karlsruhe, and sent from there a month later to a concentration camp at Kislau in Baden. There were no charges.

He was kept at Kislau for five months, released and returned to Karlsruhe, where he opened another store. In 1937 the *Gestapo* picked him up again and sent him to the Dachau camp for seven months. There were no charges.

Ettlingen

In 1938 he was released and returned to Karlsruhe just in time to watch his property being destroyed by mobs who rioted in November after a Polish Jew killed Ernst von Rath, the Nazi military attache in Paris.

Strauss smiled grimly. "That was the beginning of the more active hunting season."

From then on he was on the move, hiding in one town after another, in forests and deserted farmhouses. Most of the time he hid in and around Ettlingen, where his Catholic wife and small son were living with her parents.

During all these years he was not permitted to go out of the house in daylight, or use the phone, or speak to German Aryans. When the war started, all the Jews in Baden were sent to Poland except those who had married Aryans. He stayed, because his wife was Catholic. "My father was not so lucky," the *Buergermeister* said. "He married a Jewess. He was 70 years old when they sent him to Poland, and he did not live to arrive there."

IN JANUARY, 1945 a bribed *Gestapo* agent informed his in-laws that all persons in Ettlingen with any Jewish blood were to be taken to Dachau or shot at once because the French were approaching. Strauss and his 8-year-old son went and hid in the cellar of a farmhouse near Ettlingen. His wife brought him food in the dead of night. Friends—"the faithful few"—supplied the food from part of their rations. They knew he was alive but it was understood they were not to ask any questions. He remained hidden in the cellar for three months. "On the day the French came I walked out of my hole to freedom and my wife." His eyes misted. "My wife," he repeated softly.

"You come from America, where such things cannot happen," the *Buergermeister* continued "Perhaps you will find it difficult to understand women like Frau Strauss."

They had met in Karlsruhe 15 years ago, where she was working as a secretary. She was pretty, blonde and vivacious; they had gone out on dates, fallen in love. A year after he left for Paris she joined him and they married. They lived in Paris one year—"one wonderful year"—and when he was trapped in Germany and thrown into prison she returned to live in the "greater prison"—Germany—to be with her husband.

The *Buergermeister* hesitated. "My wife is Catholic and I am a Jew. You understand what such a marriage meant in Hitler's Germany. But we respected each other's traditions. We had common tastes, and a common love of the decent things in life."

During the years he was hunted, the black years of Nazi terror, she was his closest comrade. When he was in prison and in the concentration camps she went from official to official to obtain his release. And when he walked out of the prison gates, he found her waiting. During all that time she refused to go to the movies or attend concerts; "a terrible thing, because she loved music so; she would not go anywhere without me, and naturally I was forbidden to go anywhere."

WHEN Strauss was in hiding, the *Gestapo* sometimes picked her up and questioned her; they broke into the house at all hours of the night and day, stole jewelry, papers and even their marriage license. Three times they put her in the torture chamber of the Ettlingen *Gestapo* headquarters, to frighten her into revealing her husband's hiding places; and at the last they accused her of espionage.

Frau Strauss, nevertheless, helped the Jews publicly. When they were rounded up to be deported to Poland—and almost certain death— she made up food packages and took them to the railway station and gave them to the women of the families who were leaving. She helped the slave laborers of Ettlingen with gifts of clothes and food and cigarettes when clothes and food and cigarettes were hard to get.

Her circle of friends quickly dwindled. Women she had grown up with, former schoolmates, girls she went to church with and on dates, turned the other way when they met her on the street. Storekeepers often refused to honor her ration cards, and the butchers gave her the cheapest cuts of meat. When she walked on the street the Nazi hoodlums of Ettlingen shouted "Jew's whore."

Now she sits in the spacious private chambers of the *Buergermeister*, a pleasant-looking, well-poised, soft-voiced woman, who back home might be the head of the town's charity club or of the Parent-Teacher Association.

"They are very cordial now, my old friends in Ettlingen," said Frau Strauss. "The storekeepers cannot do too much for the *Buergermeister's* wife. And my neighbors' children are so anxious to play with my son." Her voice faltered. "Scarcely two months ago they threw stones at him with cries of 'Jew's bastard!' And yet he is a child. He likes to play."

A little later we visited the *Buergermeister* in his public office, less grand than the private, formal surroundings of the mayor's official office. There was a great deal of activity. People were coming in, going out; many stood outside the door, waiting their turn.

A woman came in to complain that her neighbor's dog was biting the children; another that her husband was mistreating her. Others complained that displaced Poles were getting drunk and insulting German citizens. There were requests for food ration cards. The *Buergermeister* listened patiently, made his decision in quick, final tones. His face was a mask.

Members of the Council came in with problems of housing and labor and food. Mayors from a local town visited him for advice; officials of the French MG came to confer.

"A very able man, that Strauss," a French captain told us. "A man of courage. I told him that he may get hurt one of these days by some Nazi fanatic, but he only laughed. I find it difficult, naturally, to admire a German, but I have a great admiration for the *Buergermeister*. Perhaps it is because I cannot think of him as a German. In reality, he fought them as bitterly as we did."

When we went up to Fritz Israel Strauss to say goodbye he said, "I have a farewell gift for you," and he took from his wallet a frayed yellow cloth in the form of a six-pointed star, with "*Jude*" in black across the center. "I wore it here," he said, and he placed it below his heart.

A pack train of GIs and Chinese follows a mountain river bed on their way to a Lolo village.

Maj. Charles Ebertz, who was a veterinarian in civilian life.

GI HORSE TRADERS

By Cpl. JUD COOK
YANK Staff Correspondent

NORTHERN CHINA—Four of us left Kunming, China, in a weapons carrier that was loaded to the limit. It carried extra drums of gasoline, food enough to last a month, bedding rolls, a sack of mail and another, more important sack. The second sack held several million dollars in Chinese currency, just part of a larger sum destined to do a special job.

A vital phase of China's war against the Jap was connected with our trip and with other trips like it. The millions were to be delivered to a group of GIs in Tibet and in the unexplored part of China inhabited by the Lolos—fierce, black-caped characters who consider it sport to rob and kill. Our party was bound for Lololand, armed with two shotguns, two .45s and an M1, but we would have felt better with a brace of machine guns. That much cash makes you nervous.

The Lolos and the Tibetans have good horses and the GIs at our destination were there to buy them for China. China needs horses in girding herself for a squeeze-play against the Japs as the possibility of an invasion of China's eastern coast grows stronger. One look at China from a plane will answer any question about the need for horses. There are only a few roads good enough to handle the weight of trucks to carry supplies to the fighting fronts, especially if these fronts should move farther east. The only feasible way to get supplies through is to pack them by horse.

Horse trading was our military assignment.

Out of Kunming, we swung onto the newly opened Burma Road. We stuck to it for three hours and then turned off to head straight north. The U. S. Army convoy trucks we left behind us on the Burma Road were the last American vehicles we were to see for over a month except for another weapons carrier and a jeep that were in use by GIs at the horse-trading encampment.

We had three days of roller-coaster riding before we sighted the very blue waters of the Yellow River. Part of the Chinese Navy—we had never thought of a Navy so far inland—ferried us across. After that, more road, this time dotted with flimsy wooden bridges.

Many of the bridges bore scars of fire and we knew we were nearing the Lolo country. We had heard that some of the Lolos had been on a rampage not long before and had burned down a number of bridges so that they could waylay any vehicle held up by one of them. The Chinese Navy had told us that two bridges were down, but that new ones were near completion. Their G-2 was correct for we found all finished bridges and were reassured at evidence that communications were better than we had thought.

All that money in these surroundings still worried us. When we pulled into a small town to stay overnight our relief was almost audible.

Sgt. Willard Selph, of the veterinary outfit

Just as we were ready to shove off, some Lolos grabbed us for a party.

looks in the horse's mouth before buying it.

They trade for horses with the Lolos, who'd rather fight than eat

Lo-Tai-Ing, tribal chief of the Lolo village visited by the GI horse buyers, tries out an M1.

which does the horse buying, parked the weapons carrier and we unloaded our stuff in a building erroneously called a hotel. Upstairs it boasted bare rooms, littered with egg shells that must have been there for weeks. Light came into the rooms from rat holes large enough to accommodate a small, foolhardy dog. The windows were paper-covered holes in the wall. This was the only available lodging in the town, so we parked our gear and our millions and left Maj. Earl Ritter to guard it while we hunted up a recommended restaurant.

We walked through dark, narrow streets and halfway to the eating place in this blackness came upon a sight that dashed my appetite to bits. Hanging just above our eye-level were eight human heads, strung up on a cord between two poles. Wong, our interpreter, evidently wanted us to get the full effect for he said nothing until after we had seen them. Then he told us the story: They were the heads of savage Lolos brought back by friendly Lolos as prizes of war from a battle of the week before. He further explained that "white" and "black" Lolos war periodically because of crimes committed by the latter. We thanked him.

We pulled out the next day when the town was having its annual Buddha-washing festival. The citizens wash the statue on a certain day every year and the cleaning is done by a selected man and woman, the "living Buddhas." The lucky couple is carried up to the statues in a long procession and they bring everything with them in the way of oil and trinkets except soap.

We found half the men on the horse-buying assignment, when we arrived at the camp, considering their job in the light of a rest camp deal. These are GIs who have been through the misery of the Salween campaign which helped reopen the Ledo-Burma Road. Even this out-of-the-way spot looks good to them now.

The GI who looked and talked more like a cowboy than anyone else at the camp was T-4 Michael Brutcher of Wilkinsburg, Pa. He was a steel worker there, but when he shipped to this theater he was put into a veterinary outfit; why he doesn't know himself. Brutcher had belonged to the outfit that was rounding up, buying and delivering horses to Ledo for use by Merrill's Marauders. He was doing the same job when we saw him.

Two westerners in the detachment—Pfc. William Hightower of Stephenville, Tex., and Pvt. William Nealon of Denver, Colo.—have the toughest job in the whole assignment. They are the pack leaders and, when the desired number of horses are bought in the area, Hightower and Nealon with a string of Chinese *mafus* (caretakers) lead them to a collecting point somewhere in southern China.

When the time comes for shoeing the herd before it heads south the job will fall to T-4 Norman Skala, a GI blacksmith from Elgin, Ill.

The crux of the job—buying the horses—is not so simple a matter as dipping into the millions of dollars and waving a fistful of cash before the eyes of the horse owners. Horses and guns are the most highly prized possessions of the Lolos and they won't give either of them up simply at the sight of a wad of moola.

The first step in buying is for the GI traders to go into a town and get in touch with a magistrate, for a magistrate in this country has power of life or death over his people. They ask him to spread word that Americans are in the city to buy whatever horses are for sale.

The owners then bring their horses into town and they bring with them a *mayadza*, a professional horse broker. All deals are made through the *mayadza*, never directly with the owners, although the owners are present most of the time to keep an eye on the progress of the trading. If the bargaining is successful, the broker shouts, "*Maila*!" to the owner. This means "Sell!" If the owner agrees, the *mayadsa* drops the halter on the horse and the deal is closed. You don't own a horse until the moment the broker lets loose the halter.

Both brokers and owners drive a hard bargain. Maj. Charles Ebertz of Auburn, N. Y., who has done most of the buying here, a practicing vet in civilian life, reports case after case where he spent three to four hours buying one horse. Occasionally, sellers will pull fast ones. Once a GI buyer discovered too late that he had paid a good price for a club-footed horse. During the sale the animal had been standing ankle-deep in straw.

In some instances money is no good at all. Almost all the Lolos would rather have silver blocks than folding stuff and that poses another problem for the GIs, who have to go out and hunt up sufficient silver blocks.

Tibetans, on the other hand, will take money if they have to but prefer barter goods and the things they ask for have caused many an issue head to be scratched. They are moved by fads and the last Tibetan fancy was for yellow felt hats. For such a hat a horse owner in Tibet would trade his best nag. Col. Daniel H. Mallan of Harrisburg, Pa., head of all the horse-buying groups, made a special plane trip to China and back to procure yellow hats. He couldn't get any felt ones, but yellow-painted helmet liners came close enough to buy a few horses before the fad melted away.

A trip we made with one of the trading parties will give a rough idea of typical horse procurement routine as practiced by the Army in China.

We drove first as far as we could by motor to a small town to which our saddle horses and mules had been driven the day before. Their arrival had spread the word of our mission before us. When we arrived at the town at 0900 there were crowds of curious spectators who had been waiting for us for hours. They mobbed our truck by the hundreds and helped us saddle our horses and load our gear.

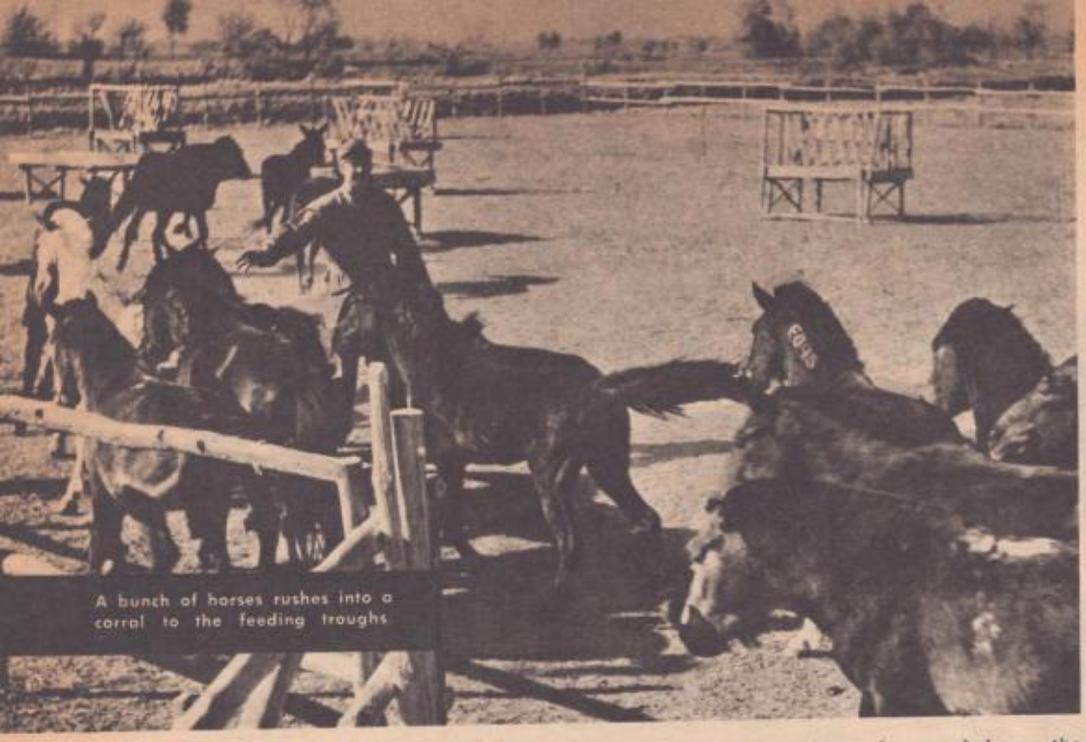
Just as we were ready to shove off, half a dozen of them grabbed us by the arms and led us to a hovel that looked like a Hollywood opium den. There they brought out a huge black jug and poured each of us a bowl of their very best rice wine, stored away for special occasions like this. It was liquid dynamite, but, as soon as we took a sip from our individual bowls, our hosts refilled them. Dish after dish of food followed the wine and the meal was interrupted constantly by toasts. As soon as we finished one meal, another party was on hand, dragging us to its hovel. Everyone wanted to entertain. Everyone who had a delicacy on his own dish wanted us to take a bite. Two hours went by before we could get our show on the road.

We reached the Lolo village we were seeking late in the evening and, although we were dog tired, our eyes opened at the sights that greeted us. We had heard earlier that there was sickness among the Lolos and in the village we saw four tribesmen stretched on the ground in the last stages of something. It wasn't until the second day that we found out the nature of the plague. The four had been having a party on rice wine 10 times stronger than that we had sampled down the road and were recovering from the inevitable attack of DTs.

The youngest son of the tribal chief, Lo-Tai-Ing, came out to greet us. He bowed gracefully and in very good English repeated that favorite GI expression about "blowing it out." That was all he could say in English and it reminded us of the story that a bomber had crashed up country and its crew had never been heard of. We were nervous again.

Wong immediately announced the reason for our visit. He told the Lolos that we had silver to buy horses and that we came bearing gifts and medicine.

The tribesmen tied our horses and took us to a room in the mansion of the chief. In a matter of minutes we were backed against the wall by a stream of Lolos who pushed into the room to get a look at the *Meigwas*—the Americans. They stared at us, checking their own features against ours, and mumbled among themselves. They felt the texture of our skins and measured our wrists,



A bunch of horses rushes into a corral to the feeding troughs

ankles and necks. Then they took turns standing beside us to compare heights. They were amazed by our wrist watches and pocket knives, but our guns were the main attraction.

After they had concluded the inspection to their satisfaction, some of them took Wong aside and told him they would like to have a shooting contest with us. Maj. Ebertz agreed and said he would stack his M1 against any of their rifles. One of the young kids brought out a piece of tile and took off for the hills nearby. He placed the tile, which was to be the target, about 300 yards away and then the chief came up with his rifle. He took five shots at the tile, but every one was either too short or off to one side. Maj. Ebertz took his turn. He put one round in his M1, adjusted the sights, took aim, squeezed off his shot and splattered the target to bits. Every Lolo around jumped with excitement. We were in.

We slept in the Lolo village that night and in the morning the chief's son came to Wong with word that the tribesmen were going to kill two bulls in our honor and did we want to watch the slaughtering? The Lolo method of killing animals isn't pretty and we didn't stay out the whole show. What we did see was enough.

One Lolo felled the first bull with an axe and, as it wavered to its knees, he pounded over the heart, on the back and on the legs, screaming every time he swung the axe. The Lolo onlookers hopped up and down, delirious with laughter. While the bull was still kicking, a second Lolo slit its throat. We were supposed to accept this sacrifice with deep appreciation.

The killer's axe missed its target on the second bull and the animal got away to the hills at a fast pace. The Lolos gestured excitedly to the major that they wanted him to shoot the runaway. He brought it down with a single shot, the cleanest execution in Lololand in a long time. We checked out before the final details of butchery.

That evening the Lolos feasted on the two bulls. They sat in circles, about 20 to the circle, eating the beef from massive bowls, one to each group. They had only one eating tool, a spoon which looks something like a tiny niblick. It is used for the soup which is served at every meal and one spoon does for a whole circle of diners.

Their eating must rank among the world's noisiest. With some 200 lips smacking in enjoyment at one time, it sounded as if you were standing near a lake listening to the slap of the waves against a row of moored boats. They did not invite us to join any of the circles and we did not regret it. They did bring us some uncooked liver and tripe to take back to camp with us.

Our quarters while we were with the tribe were in the corner of a large room on the second floor of the chief's mansion. The house is still abuilding and Wong discovered that this marked its fourth year of construction. The Lolos themselves know nothing about carpentry and such work is done by Chinese they have captured and enslaved. Farming, too, is a slave's job, and the Lolo warriors are left with little to do but drink rice wine all day.

After the bull feast, the chief paid a visit to our quarters. A bearer brought a large kettle of rice wine and placed it at the chief's feet. We had to drink because the major planned to make a token purchase of a few horses. It was a quick deal, for its one purpose was to impress the Lolos that we were in the market for horses.

Even before the deal was closed curious Lolos began to jam the room. They squatted against the walls and watched us as the chief had a second meal after selling the horses. The chief ate with chopsticks this time and we shared some beef and pork with him.

The smell of bodies in the room was stifling. The tribesmen squatted close to us, constantly feeling our muscles, touching our faces and rubbing the hair on our arms. Their faces were strange and distorted in the candelight.

They took the jungle knives out of our belts and seemed content to sit and hold and stare at them. They inspected every single item of our clothing. The zippers on our field jackets were something they couldn't believe. When we smoked they were not so much attracted by our cigarettes as by the matches we used to light them. They light their own pipes with flint and metal.

When Wong informed the chief that we had to leave in a few days, he tried to persuade us to stay longer. He wanted us to remain in the village long enough to teach his people some American habits and maybe a few words of English. He and all the tribesmen pumped us with endless questions about the United States and about the whole outside world. When we told them about American farmers their first questions were: How many guns does an American farmer have? How many horses? How much silver? They wanted to know if there were any beggars in the U. S.

THE Lolos themselves are not yet certain that the world is round. They asked us for proof of the shape of the world and for proof that the globe spins. If it spins, they reason, why don't people fall off and why doesn't the water spill out of rivers and lakes? They believe that the chief's house, a three-story structure, is the last word in modern building. When we told them about skyscrapers and New York, they refused to believe us.

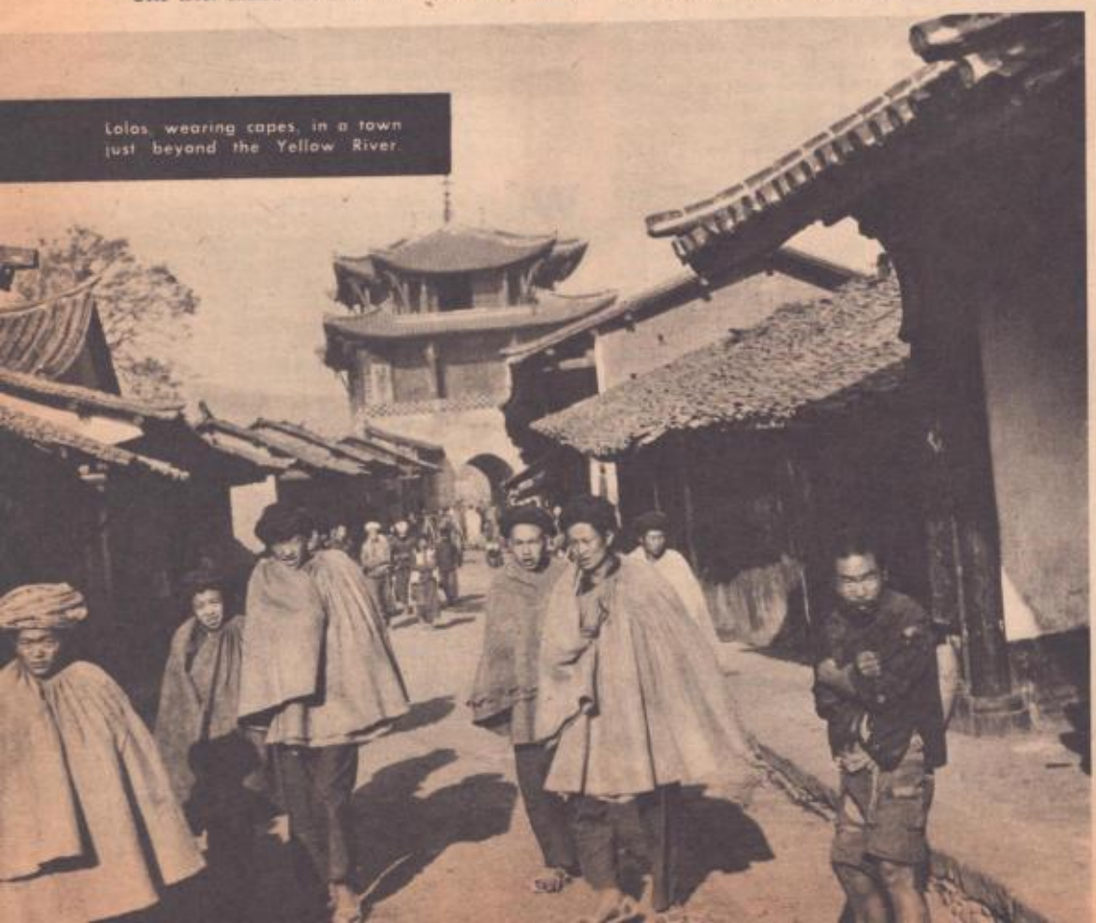
The chief's right hand man told us that the Lolos had seen a few airplanes. If the Americans could make such things from reading books, he said, then the Lolos were going to get books. The chief's brother, considered the most daring man in the tribe, offered the major his best horse and the title of godfather to his children, if he could have a plane ride. The major said he would try to arrange it. We sensed something more than curiosity in the brother's request. It seemed possible that he was preparing to unseat his brother and was banking on adding to his personal prestige in the community by taking the death-defying risk of air travel.

The evening's Lolo version of a bull-session finally folded and we slept. The rest of our stay with the tribe was largely a matter of preparing to leave for camp.

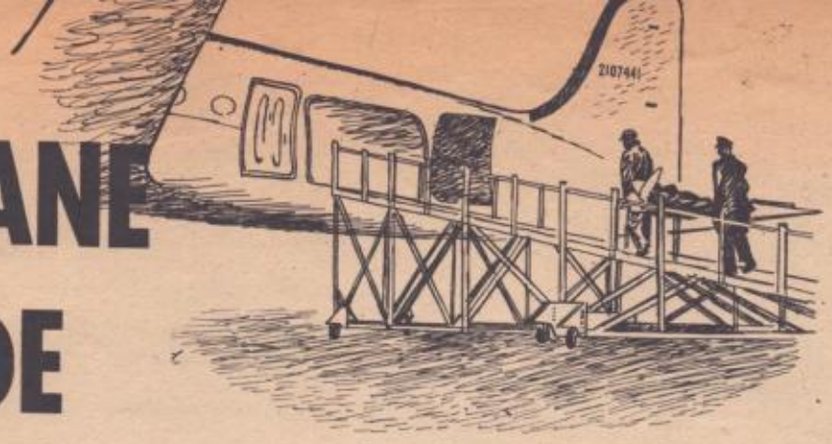
The Lolos continued in their curiosity about us and we continued to observe them. The Lolo women, we discovered, are attractive—what you can see of them. Only their hands and faces, and sometimes their feet, are visible. They seem quite innocent of bathing and the dirt on their hands has undoubtedly been untouched by water for years. Possibly they observe the Tibetan custom of but three baths per lifetime—once at birth, once at marriage and finally at death.

This allergy to bathing was a major obstacle to our interest in the Lolos. We could observe them with enthusiasm while our lungs were full of fresh air, but enthusiasm waned with longer, closer contact.

Our mission had been finished with the buying of the horses. We packed our gear, including our kidney and tripe, mounted our horses and headed back to the GI camp.



Lolos wearing capes, in a town just beyond the Yellow River



PLANE RIDE HOME

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ON May 20, Capt. Joseph G. Stone, a big, red-headed doctor from Cicero, Ill., walked into the anteroom of the 6th Field Hospital at Prestwick, Scotland, carrying a little list of names. Another one of the smooth North Atlantic air passages that ATC had been providing for the wounded since June 1944 was getting under way.

Stone checked off the names, and T-4 John H. McKim of Elwood City, Pa. chalked up another departure on his blackboard.

Minutes later the big ramp was pulled up to the open bays of the C-54, and 20 men were carried aboard. Half an hour after Stone had read the names off his list, a wide-winged plane was climbing north out of Scotland.

Aboard as flight nurse for the first leg of the trip to Iceland was Lt. Sylvia Roth of Philadelphia, Pa. She had made five trips across the Atlantic and had earned lots of flight time flying over the Continent when we were moving wounded men from advanced fields behind the front lines to hospitals in the rear.

The 20 patients, comfortably set up in tiers of four litters, included a Ranger; a TD battalion lieutenant who had been shot three times at close range by a German soldier, and a 20-year-old platoon sergeant. Of the 20 patients aboard 16 had been prisoners of the Germans. All of them represented the tail-end of the war in Europe and they proved that the last bullets were as dangerous as the other ones. And on VE-Day they were in hospitals celebrating with thermometers and bedpans.

They had been hit with plenty of trouble in their service overseas. Most of them lay in their litters very quietly now as if not to break the spell of this magic that was taking them home. This day there was lots of sunlight over the broken clouds and bits of bleak water showing below. Lt. Roth spread a comforter on the floor and some of the men clambered down from the litters. The nurse and the soldiers played cards.

Lt. James Pollitt, who had commanded a platoon of tank destroyers in the 821st TD Battalion, wanted only to smoke, which was exactly the one thing he couldn't do aboard the plane. Outside of that he didn't mind talking. He was a tall, level-headed guy who didn't look like he'd ever feel sorry for himself. He had charged a Tiger tank in a jeep, not because he was looking for a posthumous Medal of Honor, "but what the hell could we do? You can't drive a jeep away from a Tiger tank so my driver and I just drove down to it, pulled up alongside and climbed on top. We had a carbine and a .45 between us. We banged on the turret until it opened and we had them prisoner."

"After that I yelled *Kummen raus* or some damn thing to every German who might be listening, and by God it seemed like hundreds of them came out of houses and woods. I told them there were lots of Americans around and to disarm. They kept looking at us but no other Americans came. Finally they had it figured out right, that there was just the two of us and they jumped us. This one guy grabbed my .45. He shot me three times from a distance of about 10 feet. The first time it was through the chest and I remember going down on one knee and saying to myself 'I'm never going home.'

"I was shot three times but I guess none of the shots hit anything important. The one through the chest didn't touch my lungs and just grazed a rib. The second one through the neck didn't touch the jugular vein. The last one smashed up my right arm a bit and that's about all that's bothering me now.

"See this," said Pollitt, flexing his fingers. He couldn't make a tight fist because the nerves in his upper right arm hadn't thoroughly healed yet. And he would carry his Purple Heart around with him the rest of his life in the form of a little white scar in his neck.

Lt. Roth, who was sitting at a window with the sun suddenly blazing through into the plane, tapped Pollitt on the shoulder and said, "You sit down here, and feel that sun on your back."

"No, you keep sitting there, it's all right," said Pollitt.

"You sit there, just sit down and feel that sun, it'll be wonderful on your back."

Pollitt sat down, rubbed his stubble of black beard, and gazed out on unbroken, fluffy white clouds that moved to the horizon. The clouds made a bed the size of the world. He said he was going home to Pawtucket, R. I., where he had a wife. Pollitt left the States before the baby was born, he said. The kid wasn't well at birth. Now he was coming home after his 5-month-old son, whom he'd never seen, had died.

THE navigator came back for a minute to say that we had a good tail wind and the flight would only be four hours today. Somebody asked the nurse if high-ranking officer patients acted any differently than the enlisted men on these flights. Lt. Roth thought about that one for a moment and then said, "I wouldn't know, they all seem the same in pajamas."

"Generals are usually the meekest and mildest of the lot," said Pfc. Donald Ackroyd, the flight and traffic clerk aboard. Ackroyd, whose home town is Webster, Mass., has been making these trans-Atlantic flights for nearly a year. "Tell a general that he's gotta stop smoking, and he almost breaks a leg putting out that cigarette."

Meeks Field was clean and bare and full of sunlight when the plane landed. It wasn't too cold in Iceland that day. The Forts on the field looked nice and peaceful with their guns sheathed in canvas, and the searchlights which used to watch for the big Focke Wolfe 200s that bombed long ago as far north as Iceland looked as if they hadn't been used for some time. May two years ago in Iceland saw the Forts and the B26s lined up nose by nose as if sniffing the cold grey skies for the take-offs to England and combat. But this May was VE month and even Iceland looked good.

When the gangplank was pulled alongside the plane, the fuselage became as busy as Grand Central but the movements up and down the gangplank were purposeful and efficient. Doctors, a new nurse, Red Cross girls, orderlies and another crew came aboard. There were tureens of hot food, fresh milk and ice cream. Pollitt and the young Ranger officer, Lt. Douglas C. Campbell of Vallejo, Calif., who had been wounded on the Saar while with the 5th Ranger Battalion, went off the plane for a quick cigarette.

Lt. Roth and the new nurse took their hair down just before take-off and had a shop-talk powder-room conversation. They talked about the last pass in New York before grabbing an eastward flight and Lt. Roth thought her flight uniform at Prestwick would probably be out of the cleaners when she got back there.

Then Lt. Roth made a neat little good-by speech and the men looked at each other as if they were losing a very old friend.

The second leg from Iceland to Newfoundland was the long one, eight and a half hours and going from sunlight into darkness. The navigator came back for a moment, very satisfied with the flight. He talked about the trade winds, the old winds of Columbus and the clipper ships across the Atlantic. Men fell asleep.

THEY stirred on their litters and rubbed their eyes in the night over Newfoundland. It was a clear night. The mountains below showed streaks of snow and jagged edges but it was all remote from this hospital ward in the air. Landing in Newfoundland was to feel already the American current of life. Pollitt and Campbell went over to the terminal building and tried out their new currency in the nickels and dimes that could buy tomato juice, coffee and hamburgers. It was very interesting. All you had to do was to drop some of these little pieces of metal on the counter and say hamburgers and coffee and there they were in front of you. A copy of today's New York *Times* lay on a bench and you could look over yesterday's box score at the Polo Grounds.

On the plane itself they had run up a big canvas pipe which fed warm air into the waist of the plane while the doors remained open, another piece of American engineering.

The last leg of the flight from Newfoundland to Mitchel Field saw nobody daring to get openly restless at the idea of home. It was a conspiracy of silence like watching a no-hit, no-run game in the making. Four hours later the U. S. showed below us in enormous patches of electric light.

The black magic of this flight was coming to an end. The flaps came down for the last time, the plane turned off the base leg, the electric lights came up big and the landing was easy—routine magic to the very end. They lowered the litters from the plane by means of a portable lift powered by a motor that chugged up to the plane. The guy that had charged a Tiger tank with a Jeep because he had to; the gay and lively young Ranger; and the baby-faced platoon sergeant who was going to try out school again, came down on the lift and were carried over to waiting ambulances. It was 0400 in the United States of America at Mitchel Field, Long Island. Twenty wounded soldiers were home for whatever was in it. And there was a fine cool wind blowing the way you remember it used to be in New York City years ago—a cool night wind after a long hot day.

The nurse and the soldiers played cards.

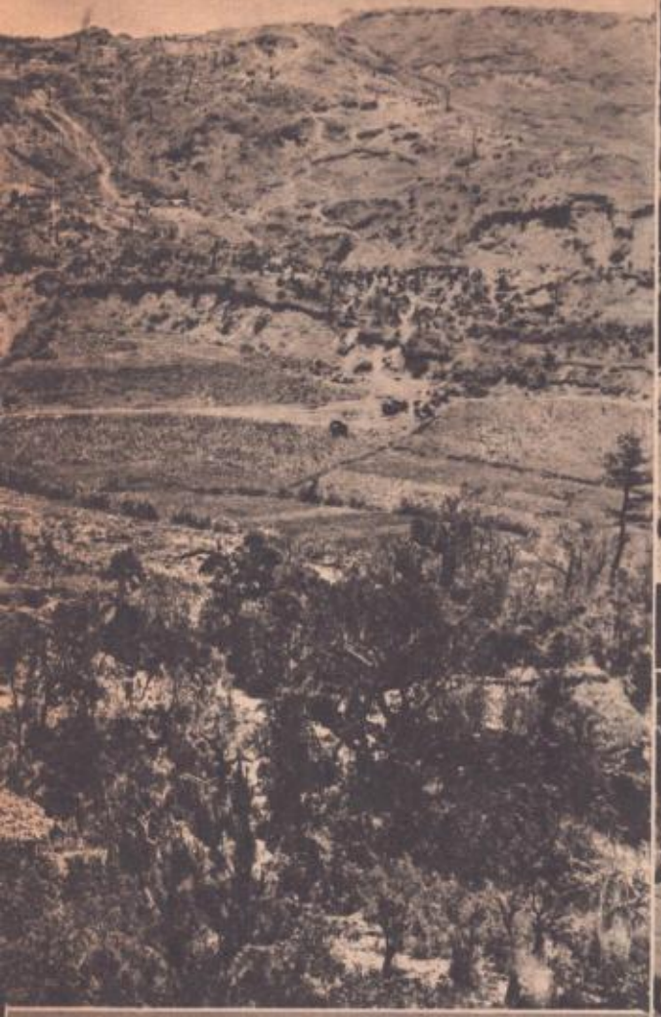
MORTARMEN ON OKINAWA

One great blessing to GIs fighting in the front lines of Okinawa was the "goon gun" or mortar, also known as the "stove pipe." When infantrymen advance they get their first help from the mortar and artillery barrage that precedes them, pinning down the Japs. The mortar companies have a dangerous trade. Having shorter range than artillery outfits, they fire from well up in the front lines and are tempting targets for the enemy. But, as a mortar squad leader said: "For every one the Nip sends us we return twenty of ours." These pictures were taken by YANK photographer Mason Pawlak, CPhoM.

GI pulls pin from a mortar shell before sending it on its way.

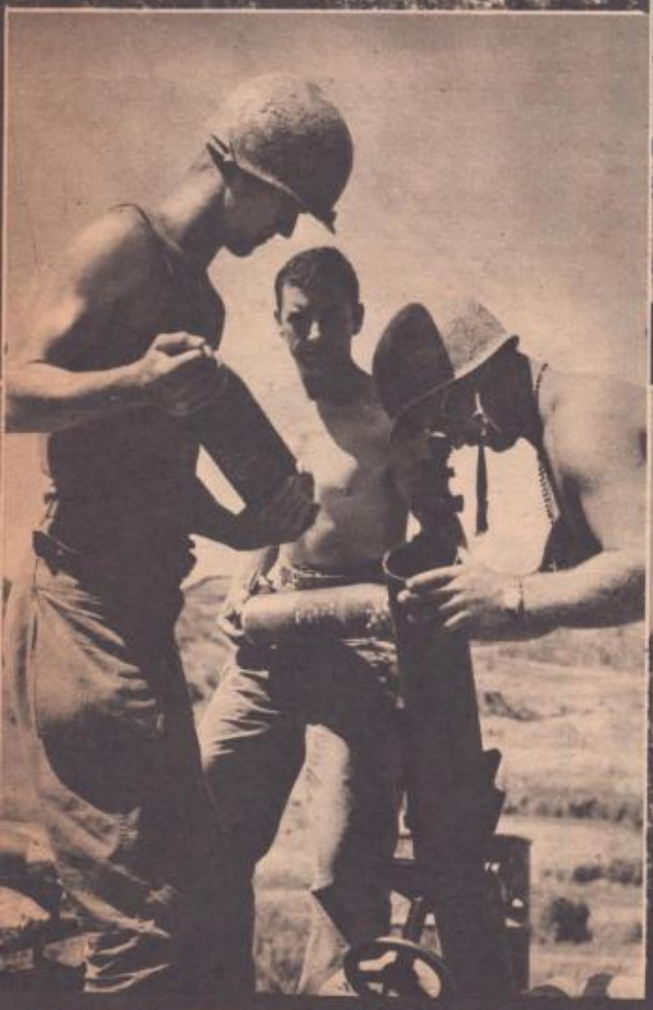
A mortar crew places their stove pipe into firing position. Enemy shells were passing overhead.

This panorama shows the kind of terrain over which infantrymen advanced toward Naha and Shuri. The two cities lie directly on the other side of the hills and ridges in the background, into which a Yank mortar company was firing.



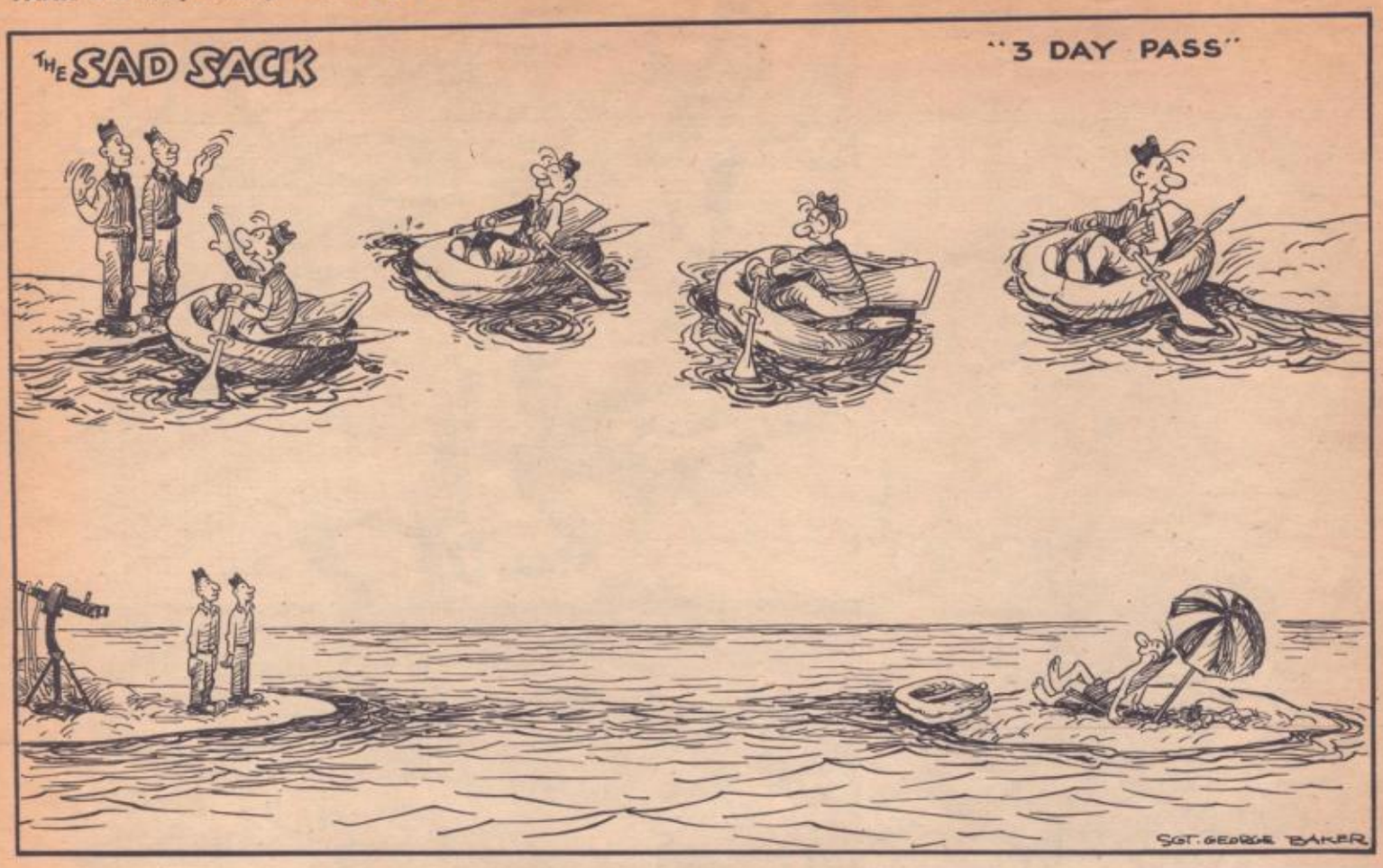
The photographer aimed his camera at the mortar as it fired. The shell passed a few feet by him.

Looking down on a mortar company as it was firing. Empty shell cases are strewn around them.



Three men of a mortar squad zero in and load up to fire.

As mortars and artillery pin down the Japanese, GIs of the 96th Div. begin to move forward.



What's Your Problem?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Dependents and Points

Dear YANK:

I have read your article on demobilization but nowhere did I find an answer to my problem. I know that I will get a point a month for each month of service plus an extra point for each month overseas. However, since I never even got one battle star, I have very few points. What I would like to know is, where do my dependents rate so far as points are concerned? Will I be allowed points for my twin sisters aged nine, my mother, my wife and my two-year-old son? All of them get allotments so there is no question but that they are dependent upon me.

Britain —Pfc. THOMAS B. CROWN

■ Only your son will get you any points. Children are the only dependents who may be counted toward the point score under the plan. Each child, up to a maximum of three, counts for 12 points.

Playwrights

Dear YANK:

Before entering the Army I was just beginning to get going as a writer. I had sold a couple of short stories and was working on a full-length

play. I even discussed the play with a well-known producer who indicated that he might be interested in buying it. As things stand I would need at least three months after I am discharged to complete the play. What I would like to know is whether a playwright would be considered a man in business for himself so as to rate unemployment compensation.

Italy —S/Sgt. RICHARD KRAMER

■ As you probably know a self-employed veteran is entitled to unemployment compensation under the GI Bill of Rights if he earns less than $100 a month from his business. In such a case he receives the difference between what he earns (which in your case would be zero) and $100 a month for up to a maximum of 52 weeks. The Veterans' Administration says that if you are "fully engaged as a playwright" there is no reason that you could not be considered in business so as to receive the unemployment payments. However, to be sure of receiving the money a veteran must be fully engaged as a writer and could not be a writer one week and fill in as a clerk in a store the next week.

Insurance Beneficiaries

Dear YANK:

My father who is 87 years old and very ill is the beneficiary of my GI insurance policy. His doctor tells me that he cannot be expected to last very long. If he should pass away what happens to my insurance if I am killed in action? Assuming that he may die before anything happens to me, who would get the benefit of the insurance in such a case?

Marianas —Pvt. JOSEPH W. BELL

■ If you do not name a secondary beneficiary your insurance will be paid to the following in the order named: *1)* to your widow, if living; *2)* if no widow, to your child or children (including adopted children) in equal shares; *3)* if no widow or child, to your other parent; *4)* if no widow, children or parents, to your brothers and sisters (including those of the half-blood), in equal shares.

Soldier's Debts

Dear YANK:

My wife and five children receive a total family allotment of $160 a month from the Office of Dependency Benefits. You can guess how tough it is for the six of them to live on that amount. Now, to add to our troubles, our local furniture company has been heckling my wife for the money due on our living room furniture. We owe so little on the total bill that I feel sure they will not try to grab the furniture, but they have been high-pressuring my wife. Their latest move was to threaten to get a court order and attach the family allotment from the ODB. Can they get away with that?

France —S/Sgt. LEN B. BROWNLEE

■ They cannot. Family allotments paid by the ODB may not be claimed or attached by any person or agency to collect a debt. If the furniture company should try to get rough and grab the furniture your wife can ask the court to hold up its action until you get out of service. As a GI you are entitled to that protection under the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act.

Former Bookie

Dear YANK:

In connection with a loan under the GI Bill of Rights what chance do I have with the following background:

Prior to my entry into the Army in 1939 I was employed as a bookie, a little deal which the public of those days considered a bit shady and illegitimate. Though I received a substantial income I came into the Army dead broke as a result of bad investments.

During my entire time in the Army I have lost no time under AW 107, though I have had a little

difficulty retaining grades. I have been all the way up the ladder twice, up to technical sergeant, and at the present time am optimistically looking forward to my third climb. Do you think I would be denied the privilege of a loan in view of my pre-war occupation?

I am married to a former member of the ANC and we would like to know if we can pool our rights to the loan for the purchase of a home or the financing of a legitimate business?

Hawaii —(Name Withheld)

■ YANK cannot tell you whether or not your bank or financial institution will consider you a good risk. However we can tell you that the business-loan regulations state that a veteran must be able to satisfy his bank and the Veterans' Administration that he has a reasonable likelihood of success in the business he is planning. Since the government guarantees only 50 percent of a loan of up to $4,000 for each vet, the bank still has to be convinced that the money is in good hands. There are no restrictions against two or more vets going into business or buying a home together and with the help of your wife's guarantee you may be able to swing the deal.

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

O'Donnell Calls His Shots

"THIS outfit," said Tommy O'Donnell as a sudden gust of desert wind blew dust in our faces, "is never going overseas."

I reached for another bottle of Schlitz and Tommy rolled down the side of our pyramidal tent. "You see," he explained, "we've been too long in the goddam desert. With all this dust in us we ain't fit for combat."

I stretched out on my cot and Tommy said, "They're gonna use us here for experimental purposes—that's what. We pull a maneuver one week and then they use the same thing in Europe the next. That's why all our mail will soon be censored. And boy, they're gonna keep us busy. Three-day passes are out. It's gonna be goddam tough, pal."

After we had left the desert and neared the completion of our ninth month on Oahu, Tommy O'Donnell said to me as we downed the remnants of the contents of a bottle of '99: "South Pacific, my eye, we've been so long on this rock that a little more heat would kill us. Why, every man in this outfit would keel over dead in that hot sun.

"Pal," he added, "what we all need is a discharge."

The rumor was current that we were going to Leyte but Tommy O'Donnell wouldn't believe it.

"You see," he said to me as we sat in the hold of our LSM, "this is going to be a dry run. I'll lay two to one that they land us on Maui."

After four weeks of steady seasickness, Tommy O'Donnell scratched his wrinkled face. "We're making a circle," he said excitedly, "watch and see—we're making a circle."

We circled in Leyte harbor for awhile until the beachmaster signalled us to pull in. Tommy O'Donnell, mounted his duffel bag, which was over half his size, on his shoulder.

"Two weeks the island's been secured," he complained, "two weeks and they land us here. Buddy, I'm finding a big hole to sleep in. There's no telling what might happen."

After four weeks on Leyte—four weeks in which we had not heard a shot fired or a bomb fall—after four glorious weeks of drinking tuba and corn whisky, Tommy O'Donnell said to me as we walked down a muddy Tacloban street, "They don't have any use for tanks in the jungle. They're making MPs out of us."

Several days later we were briefed about an island. They told us it lay somewhere between the Philippines and Japan. The people were of mixed Chinese-Korean-Japanese ancestry. The China sea bordered it on the left, and we weren't going to learn the real name of the island until we were on the ship.

Tommy O'Donnell, who knows his geography well, said, "That sounds like it might be in the Ryukyus Islands—but I don't think we'll go there because they've made it too obvious.

"We," he said, "are going to hit China."

Tommy, although an originator of many a rumor, is himself not gullible to those inspired by other persons. When we boarded the LSM, everyone believed we were going to an island in the Ryukyus, but Tommy was busily studying his Chinese-American language book which he had purchased in Los Angeles.

On D-day minus one as our convoy neared the Okinawan shore, Tommy O'Donnell, his chin resting on the deck's rail, admitted, "Yes, we're going to Okinawa—but this outfit is so damned rusty that we'll never get to fire a shot."

That night we took a final sip of Ethyl alcohol thanks to the accommodating chief pharmacist's mate aboard ship and later we sang songs. Tommy didn't sing. He drank.

After we surmounted the coral reef the following morning, Tommy said to me over the interphone. "I'll bet there's a million dead Japs in those tombs up ahead."

All day we didn't fire a shot and Tommy's prediction would have been right if a Jap hadn't looked down the barrel of our 75mm gun about midnight. Davis, who had been sleeping in the tank spotted him and fired a round of AP into his skull.

The shell did not go all the way through but it was enough to kill the Jap.

During the next week, Tommy O'Donnell didn't say a word about what was going to happen. He was too scared and too busy fighting.

When finally we did get to rest and total our score we had accounted for seven Nip artillery pieces and 150 Japs.

"We're just goddamed lucky," Tommy O'Donnell said.

"But we ain't going back to the front," he told me as we drank from a Jap *sake* bottle which much to our dismay contained water, "because we're battle fatigued. I know I ain't one to go back. Buddy, I'm all shot."

"Yep, it's been a great rest period," I said to the crew as we moved up to the front, "I only wish it could have lasted longer."

Tommy O'Donnell spotted a Jap mortar position near Shuri Castle and had his gunner fire a few rounds into it. The mortar was knocked out and Tommy said, "It's a damned good thing they didn't blow our heads off."

When Tommy saw a wounded doughboy near the tank, he got out and gave him first aid while Jap shrapnel fell close. Then he brought him up through the escape hatch of the tank. For this they gave Tommy O'Donnell a medal.

"They're making a big mistake," he muttered when his name was called, "but five points is five points in anybody's money."

"Now," he said, "I can go back to the States." You know what that means—Tokio.

Okinawa —Pfc. DAN GOLB

"Break it off on the end."
—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson, Ft. Monmouth, N. J.

INCIDENT

Earth will outlive her pockmarked face.
On some dim midnight, far from now,
All that troubled our angry race
Will wrinkle a history student's brow.

Alexandria AAF, La. —S/Sgt. RUSSELL SPEIRS

LEDO ROAD LAMENT

I must go down to Delhi again
To see all the Wacs and the Waafs
And all I ask is a ten-day leave
And some travel-time, perhaps;
And the wind will blow and the scotch will flow
And the chow will be steak, not spam,
And the sack will be soft and the floor not dirt.
If I'm late, who gives a damn?

I must go down to Delhi again
Where there's no such thing as mud,
Where the streets are paved and the men are shaved
And the girls are as many as men.
And all I ask is a long, cool drink
And a pretty girl by my side
And a long good-by and a drawn-out sigh
As I take the Road in stride.

India —Cpl. IRV MARDER

"We're out of red points—I hope you don't mind taking pot luck." —A/C Alfred Zolan, Carlsbad AAF, N. M.

"Miss La Oomph, to what do you attribute your success?" —Cpl. Floyd J. Torbert, Camp Crowder, Mo.

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Fighting through villages is part of the training at Camp Wheeler.

Basic Training

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Writer

CAMP WHEELER, GA.—Basic infantry training has changed since the days when people still thought they were getting out in a year. It's smarter, better taught and more realistic. It has to be. When trainees finish their cycle now, they don't go out on maneuvers. They go right overseas and into the line.

This policy was started when the decision was made not to form any more new divisions. That was long before VE-Day. Everything is done now on the replacement system.

This system will continue during the war against Japan and, according to Army Ground Forces, the training cycle will also remain basically the same as it was before Germany was defeated.

Emphasis will be placed on new weapons, says AGF, and there will be some variation in the use of old weapons, "as their use conforms to lessons learned in the Pacific." But otherwise the same fundamental methods of killing an enemy will be retained and the main changes will be those normally made in keeping the cycle constantly up to date.

Back in 1941, when Camp Wheeler was set up as the first Infantry Replacement Training Center, its basic training cycle was 13 weeks. After basic training, the trainees were shipped to divisions, where they learned to work as a team. Today, Wheeler is still turning out infantrymen, but the cycle has been upped to 15 weeks (for quite a while it was 17) and the men go out as individual replacements.

This plan is based on simple necessity. A certain number of men are continually needed overseas and the WD figures a constant 15-week training program of replacements will take care of the quota.

This whole business of replacements has caused a lot of bitching, particularly by combat men overseas. Most gripes, however, seem to be caused by the incurable fact that men can't be sent into combat knowing already what combat is like.

But there have been more specific complaints: Men trained only as riflemen being sent to heavy weapons companies or sent into the line without a chance to know the men they are fighting with, or left to grow mold in a repple depple until they forget everything they knew, or just sent up front without knowing what the hell is going on.

These complaints appear to have some justification, but the faults don't lie primarily with the IRTCs. The IRTCs have no control over replacements once they've finished training. The only job of a center like Camp Wheeler is to make infantrymen out of civilians in a very short period —on the basis of a curriculum handed down by Army Ground Forces through the Replacement and School Command.

They do this job well enough, according to most of the ex-combat men who are now cadremen and instructors here at Wheeler. Many of the cadremen with whom I talked think the course could be improved one way or another, but on the whole they feel this particular IRTC uses the 15 weeks about as well as could be expected.

This is actually saying a good deal, since 15 weeks is not all the time in the world. There have been many changes in the curriculum as the Army has grown up, and the course, nearly everybody agrees, is being improved all the time.

For instance, the tactical emphasis used to be entirely on company tactics; now it is on squad and platoon tactics. There used to be little live firing; now there are 14 more firing problems than there were a year ago. Trainees used to spend only three days in the field; now they spend two weeks in bivouac, with 16 hours of night work each week. There used to be six hours of military courtesy and much close-order drill; this has been cut down, although many cadremen think it could be cut even more.

UNDER the present system the first six weeks are given over to Branch Immateriel Training. This includes military courtesy, sex hygiene, mines and booby traps, malaria control, map reading, marksmanship and other fundamentals.

The next nine weeks are specialized. Wheeler is set up to train 18 battalions each cycle including one heavy weapons and one specialist battalion. The remaining 16 are all rifle battalions. The specialist battalion includes two companies of chauffeurs, one company of message center

personnel and one company of pioneer troops.

During the specialized weeks, trainees in the rifle battalions get 79 hours in Tactical Training of the Individual Soldier, which takes in scouting and patrolling, cover and movement, hasty fortifications and not-so-hasty fortifications. The men get 16 hours on the bayonet, 103 hours on the M1, eight on the carbine, 48 on the BAR, 62 on the light machine gun, 60 on the 60-mm mortar, 74 on tactics and eight on close combat and infiltration courses. All the infantry weapons are field-fired and live ammunition is used in the infiltration course.

Most of the formal instruction is handled by officers and it is done strictly by the book. If it isn't in the FM it isn't taught, even if it worked for you from Bougainville to Luzon. But the important thing is that the FMs are constantly revised according to lessons learned in combat.

Reports from overseas are received and studied all the time. Their recommendations are incorporated into the manuals. The system may be rigid in the sense that no deviation from the FM is allowed, but the manual itself is definitely flexible, and the instruction is always up to date.

Because a program as big as this one must be standardized, enlisted cadremen do not instruct, although they implement lectures by advice in the field and coaching on the range. This has POd some of the former combat men, who claim that they are not allowed to pass on what they've learned by experience, but it seems pretty clear that you can't have men leaving 15 IRTCs full of specialized combat knowledge familiar only to a particular outfit. The WD says that a trainee would only become confused if he were taught in the same cycle by men who had come from different theaters bringing with them a conflicting variety of methods.

Some of the cadremen claim that this makes for a situation in which a young officer without any experience tries to tell trainees what to do, when men with combat experience are forbidden to do so. About 30 percent of the officers have been overseas; the rest may be over age, limited service or fresh out of OCS. These new second lieutenants are sent to IRTCs mainly for experience in leading troops, and they also learn while teaching.

The teaching here is done on the committee system, similar to that of the Infantry School. Each battalion has a mortar committee, M1 committee and so on, made up of cadre officers and enlisted men who teach only that specialty. The only trouble with this system, according to the major in charge of battle courses, is that the personnel of the committees is not permanent. Officers are always being shipped out and the members of the committee changing.

Two nights a week cadre officers and men must attend Cadre School. Instruction is discussed at these sessions, so that all the instructors will know what is expected of them. Practically all the cadremen I saw disliked this school, claiming that combat men could not open their mouths without having the manual pulled on them.

OPINION is divided among the cadremen as to particulars of the course itself, although most of them think it quite adequate as a whole. A rifleman who had fought with the 36th Division through Italy said: "These trainees get a much better idea of combat than we did when we trained. But there's too much of this tent pitching and military-courtesy crap. I mean, they got it too formal. They should teach them military courtesy and discipline, but in the field where the men can see right there why it's bad not to have it."

A corporal who fought with the 88th Division in Italy said: "The trainees don't get enough night work and they don't get real enough combat conditions. I'd send them out there for a couple of days with just a belt and a rifle and make them eat K rations. They should also have more speed and forced marches. Another thing they teach these men is to stand up and shoot when they get fired on, instead of hitting the ground. They ain't going to live very long that way."

A platoon sergeant from the 32d Division in the Pacific said: "They get these second lieutenants instructing and teach them that the FM is God. That's why second lieutenants get killed so quick. The FM says they should be out in front like a big-assed bird and they always follow the FM."

A corporal who had been with Merrill's Marauders said: "They throw the stuff at the trainees too fast and they don't let the overseas men talk to them. They should have at least one hour a week for a bull session between the trainees and the combat men."

From a rifleman out of the 36th Division in France: "The weapons training is good, but they don't get enough time on the M1. The full field inspections are a waste of time. The only thing they should inspect are messkits."

From a 45th Division man: "There's too much chicken, but otherwise it's a damn good course. They teach these guys a hell of a lot, when you think they only have 15 weeks. The only place I think they're weak is scouting and patrolling. They don't get nearly enough of that. They should also get more map and compass work."

A platoon sergeant who had been with the 43d Division in the Pacific agreed: "They don't get half enough scouting and patrolling. Practically all we did in the Pacific was that kind of work. One good thing they're getting is more instruction in first aid. That'll come in handy."

A rifleman from the 4th Division said: "More map and patrol work. Also, most of the training films are out of date. They should use more and better movies. The firing they get on the battle courses is good, but they don't get enough of that. They should also get some amphibious training."

Practically all the cadremen agreed that there should be more scouting and patrolling and less chicken. An S-3 major who had fought in Africa and Italy agreed on the first score.

"I don't know what you can do about it, though," he said. "We only have 15 weeks. As it is, we get in more of that work than we ever did and we would squeeze in more if we could. The bivouac period is also not rough enough, but you have to remember that 13 weeks ago these men were all civilians."

That is what you hear all over Wheeler: Time, time, time. Everything in the course must be necessary, because there is no margin for error.

I found only two major differences of opinion between enlisted cadremen and officers on how the time is spent at this IRTC. The cadremen feel that there is too much formal discipline, and that this time could be better spent on weapons or tactical combat work. The officers feel strongly that this disciplinary training is necessary to make a soldier.

Then most of the officers to whom I spoke, particularly those removed from actual contact with the men, felt that the 22 hours given to Orientation could be cut, and the time allotted to other work.

Practically all the cadremen I met thought that the orientation hours were a good idea. Their reasons varied from "It's good because it makes the blood boil," to "It's good because a man should know what's going on." But they all thought that some kind of orientation period was valuable.

On the whole, this emphasis on orientation, slight as it is, gives a fair indication of how infantry training has changed. The cycle at Wheeler tries to bring out the individual initiative of each trainee. It tries to make him feel that while he is part of a group, he is also a man who must look out for himself and, if necessary, lead others.

I remember that during the first week of my training back in 1941, our platoon of trainees was taken out on the drill field and told by our lieutenant that a good soldier is supposed only to take orders and that we were not being paid to think.

In the first week at an IRTC a trainee is told: "The best soldier is the man who thinks. The American soldier is good because he knows what's going on."

Infantry training has changed, all right.

Field firing the M-1 in combat patrol classes. The area contains targets which pop up before the trainee.

Today

It's only a 15-week course, but it's more complete and better taught than it used to be four years ago.

Trainees go through the infiltration course at Camp Wheeler while machine guns fire over their heads.

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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205 EAST 42d STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

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This Week's Cover

THE GI taking a horse by the hoof is T-4 Norman Skalo, a blacksmith from Elgin, Ill. He is in a detachment of soldiers who are assigned to buy horses from the Lolos in China. Story and more pictures on pages 8, 9 and 10.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Cpl. Jud Cook. 2—INP. 3—Acme. 5—Sgt. Dan Breimhurst. 6—Pfc. Werner Wolff. 8, 9 & 10—Cpl. Cook. 12 & 13—Mason Pawlak CPhoM. 15 & 17—Signal Corps. 19—YANK. 20—Universal. 21—INP. 22—Birmingham General Hospital. Cal 23—War Relocation Authority.

The Life Militaire

Dear YANK:

I wonder whether the brigadier general who saluted Gen. Jodl and the other Nazi criminals will also touch his forehead reverently to the ground and say "Banzai" as he receives Hirohito's surrender.

Such action is traitorous to the spirit of Thomas Jefferson and a direct slap in the face to every American soldier who is fighting against human degradation. He saluted both a man and a uniform which represent aggression and torture camps. It was a contemptible action and demands an apology.

France —Pfc. LIONEL RUBERG

Dear YANK:

A few days ago our unit was subjected to one of the most disgusting and disgraceful pieces of military procedure ever heard of by us. Our battalion was formed (dress right, dress, and open ranks) and a common German "slut" was allowed to walk among us in search of a GI who she claimed had raped her. Fortunately, her scrutiny was to no avail, but the impression upon the "defendants" wearing the uniform of the U. S. was lasting.

Since when does a conquering nation allow such disgusting spectacles? It seems that we wearers of that proud uniform deserve better treatment after all the heartaches, destruction and misery these barbarous Germans have brought upon the world. Have we seen our buddies die so that we can be part of such outrageous procedure?

Germany —Pfc. RICHARD E. DILWORTH

Dear YANK:

I've always considered it a great privilege to wear the uniform of Uncle Sam. It wasn't because I thought it was a tailored masterpiece but because it used to stand for an American soldier. I no longer have that pride which for so long made all foreigners envious.

I'm a patient in a rear area hospital and the other day I saw an American exprisoner of war, liberated a few days before, who was on a stretcher carried by four German prisoners. The Germans were wearing the very uniform that should be our pride. The American looked up and seeing the American uniform, said "Thank you," not knowing he was thanking the fellow countrymen of men who beat and starved him during his imprisonment.

Not only does it hurt the pride of the fellows who fought for that uniform but it echoes in the hearts of all those who died to make our uniform what it is today. Not only is this feeling common among combat troops who have fought them but every soldier who took the oath to fight against all enemies and defend his country has the same feeling.

France —Pfc. K. D. HOUCHENS

Compulsory Training

Dear YANK:

To add to the age-old discussion of postwar military service for youth these few points, I think, should be taken into consideration.

A year of Army life would broaden the mind of an individual to the point where a more complete outlook toward life could be obtained.

It has in my case. I'm sure. I'm now with the —th Bomb Group in India. The splendid officers and men of the —st Squadron have made this the cream of my Army life, the whole 13 months spent in the Army considered. Maybe six months of this duty could be offered to our youth of America now in school. It would put to practical usage our early studies of geography. A half year overseas would help us understand world problems more readily. Also it would strengthen the most important object of all of us, the home!

. . . A student who wishes to continue his formal education as well as the laborer will benefit alike in the respect that the Army will finance a trip over our country and other countries that he might not otherwise have been able to afford. If the student wishes to be ambitious, he may enroll in the USAFI, the organization we all know looks after the soldier's education.

Then again, the standing armies and our fortified bases would discourage any nation planning aggression.

This is a problem that should be settled while the war is still on by the men fighting it and by the students who would be affected. They are the future. Let them decide for themselves.

India —Cpl. PAUL KLEINWACHTER

Dear YANK:

Discussions of post war military training usually overlook the most important question; that is, what sort of training it will be. Training of the type we have experienced will have two outstanding faults: first, it will interrupt normal academic training and, second, it will be of doubtful value.

Military training as we have experienced it has been a distorting influence. We have learned how to avoid work, to distrust our fellow men and to dislike the Army for its blunders. We have learned that taking the initiative gets you into trouble. Such training is of negative value in the training of soldiers and is dangerous to the conduct of a free society; you don't make soldiers or citizens by cutting grass with razor blades and restricting the battalion for soot in the coal scuttle.

What we need is an intelligently planned and capably led training program without Army tradition. A program in which new ideas will have a chance and ignorance will not be at a premium.

India —Cpl. ROBERT PULLMAN

Summer Uniforms

Dear YANK:

If we are the best equipped and best dressed Army in the world, why can't the War Department give us a decent dress uniform for summer? I gladly wear the khakis to work because any old civilian bricklayer would use them to clean out a sewer. But, when I and seven million other GIs have to wear them to church—well, I can't help but think that

the EM uniform must be the result of a board of brass—sharply clad in pinks and tropical worsted.

If the wool shortage is the reason, maybe the QMC can reclaim some of the millions of itchy OD shirts which they were so anxious to issue. Or if the cost would forbid, maybe the rules could be changed so that EM buying their own tropical woolens could wear them without going around the block to dodge an MP. Or better still, maybe they could allow us to resurrect one of our civilian blue suits for special off-duty occasions.

Memphis, Tenn. —Pfc. JOHN P. HOFER

Pro Alaska

Dear YANK:

In answer to Pvt. Hackenbruck's letter on Golden Alaska, Pvt. H. may be from Alaska but I'm afraid he has seen very little of it. He is certainly no authority on it.

As for his statement on farming, has he heard of the Matanuska Valley, the Homer farming district, or the Tanana Valley on the Yukon? This does not include the families all the way from Ketchikan to Nome who raise their own gardens every year. The season lasts from four to seven months not two and a half as Pvt. H. states.

Who is he trying to kid about the terrible Alaskan winters? They have them in the Arctic, but Alaska is not just the Arctic. How about the winters in some of the States?

He states that mining is stabilized. Maybe gold mining is, but the other minerals in Alaska have been hardly touched. There is plenty of mining still to be developed.

Salmon fishing has been fairly well stabilized, yet what about other fish and also clams and crabs? Has Pvt. H. ever read about the possibilities of the king crab? The Japanese were canning before the war around 90 percent of the king crabs used by the U. S.

As for the lumber business being nil, wait until Southeastern Alaska gets started.

Transportation is not good, but it is improving and shall keep improving as the population increases and demands call for it to improve.

Prices are high but has Pvt. H. ever visited the Pacific Northwest? Also, I believe wages compensate for the cost of living.

As for a stake when you go to Alaska, it's all right but not necessary. Thousands of people and families have gone to Alaska with no stake and have survived—many to become quite well-to-do.

I believe if he will check his seven facts, Pvt. Hackenbruck will find all of them from 25 percent to 100 percent off the beam. Maybe he should see his native Alaska and then do his talking.

Camp Howze, Texas —Pfc. H. R. CONRAD

Dear YANK:

I read with great interest the letter by G. P. Hackenbruck on the folly of going to Alaska to live. I think I can appreciate it better than most since Hack and I were in the same company for several months in Alaska. So for several months he tried to sell me on the merits of Alaska, and the rosy future I would have if I went into partnership with him.

However every time an article is published extolling the wonders of Alaska, Hack gets scared. Frankly he don't give a damn how many GIs would be disappointed—the thing that worries him is that Alaska is going to be cluttered up and "spoiled" by thousands of people answering the call of the wild. I would appreciate YANK publishing my address so that Hack may write me and give me hell for exposing him.

Camp Perry, Ohio —M/Sgt. DON A. WIRICK

Sports in Wartime

Dear YANK:

Cheers to Stanley Frank for his honest approach on the necessity of sports in wartime.

A burr in the rears of Ted Husing, Larry MacPhail, et al for alleging that professional sports are so great a morale factor for servicemen and that the present battles were won on the gridirons of American colleges. It is true that soldiers discuss sports and paid players; generally the talk centers around the supposedly physical deferments of athletes.

Leave us look at the picture: From what sources do Messrs. Husing and MacPhail derive their incomes—Organized Sports?

Britain —Two College Men

Salvage and Waste

Dear YANK:

All you hear around here is "don't waste equipment," "don't steal equipment because someone needs it," "don't give clothes to the people," "don't do this and don't do that."

Yet when an inspection comes around and there are a few surplus items around, there's no saving. The stuff is either thrown in the trash, buried in the sand or thrown in a creek.

The same way at POE. When we got rid of all unnecessary items, there were hundreds of pairs of civilian shoes, thousands of ties and all sorts of clothing and equipment dumped into trash cans.

Why can't some kind of salvage dump be set up, especially at POEs, and all that excess stuff be shipped to the needy people in the countries devastated by war?

Philippines —Pfc. SAM CHISLIN

Poets Cornered

Dear YANK:

I cannot understand why the poetry appearing in YANK, and written by servicemen, is of such uniformly poor quality. It isn't difficult to write verse which, even though not great or profound, is at least readable. Perhaps the fault lies in the selection of contributions, though I rather doubt that. Perhaps a few hints would aid our neophyte Miltons:

1) Avoid complicated rhyme schemes.
2) Avoid forced rhymes and meters.
3) Avoid the "sing-song" effect of an overly symmetrical meter pattern.
4) Attempt to utilize ideas as they affect you, and not in relation to the way Shakespeare might have done it.
5) Remember, above all, that poetry must be read—unless it flows easily across the page all effort is wasted. Pro-

fundity is secondary, and must come only after good reading is achieved. Simplicity is desirable—the use of complex verse should be attempted after no simple expression can be found.

For example:

"Arise, ye suns of other worlds,
Arise, survey, despair
Of ever having peace on earth
So long as Man is there."

Or:

"I am that which began—
Out of me God and Man—
Out of me the ages roll!"

Good verse, excellent or eventually powerful and profound verse should appear in YANK to match and contrast with its prose.

—Cpl. HARRY LEE MADISON

Camp Plauche, La.

Landing Credits

Dear YANK:

In your recent "Chronology" of the Jap War, the listing for November 20, 1943 was "Marines invade Tarawa and Makin" and the listing of June 15, 1944 was "Marines land on Saipan in Marianas."

It has been called to our attention that these two items are not entirely correct, in that the 165th Infantry RCT of the 27th Infantry Division took Makin, and the 27th Division also participated in the landing on Saipan.

A check with 2d Lieutenant Burrill, USMC, in the Marine Public Relations Office, verified that no Marine units were involved in the Makin invasion, and that the 27th Infantry Division made the joint landing with the Marines going onto Saipan.

Washington, D. C. —Lt. Col. PAUL L. JONES

Driving Record

Dear YANK:

The members of our company think that in all probability the following figures constitute a record. In 20 months in New Caledonia we drove a total of 1,703,073 miles and hauled 105,295 loads of troops and cargo. At the present time we still have over 80 percent of our original vehicles and only 20 percent of these were new when we received them. Our vehicle strength is 50.

If this is not a record, we would like to hear from anyone who can top it. Until then, we will not be resting on our laurels, but piling up more miles and hauling more troops and cargo.

Marianas —Cpl. JAMES A. CUSHING

Officer Unafraid

Dear YANK:

In reply to Pvt. Charles Kolber's letter, "Jobs for Officers" [advising officer veterans not to mention their commission when asking for a job.—Ed.], it seems to me that his bitch is due to his own (and other former businessmen's) inability to get into OCS. He doesn't mind being "on top" and dishing it out; he just can't "take it."

Believe it or not, Pvt. Kolber, I happened to be an office boy before I went into cadets, and I'm not ashamed of it. When this war is over and I'm out looking for a job, I won't be afraid to admit having been commissioned during the war. Nor will I be afraid that some "ex-Sad Sack," frustrated in his own attempts to become an officer, is going to tie a broom to my tail. It'll take more of a man than you or those like you to do that, Pvt. Kolber.

Muroc AAF, Calif. —Lt. R. E. LANE

Discharge Pin

Dear YANK:

YANK has never, to my knowledge, shown a fairly large image of the discharge pin. Don't you think it would be a good idea to have a replica printed of it and published in one of your issues? If the boys know a veteran, they will not look at us with that strange look we sometimes get.

New York —FRANK M. LEFOR

Limp and Lazy

Dear YANK:

I have often read your Mail Call gripes and wondered why some of the fellows wrote, but something happened today that made me feel that I had something in common with the rest of them.

Why do we have medical officers and enlisted men attached to an outfit if a GI is treated as a "goldbricker" when he falls out on sick call legitimately? Our outfit makes a sick caller make up all infantry drill and calisthenics that were missed by this so-called "goldbricking" as a punitive measure to discourage falling out for sick call.

It seems to me that while a few men do ride the sick book, all should not be punished for those few.

Hawaii —(Name Withheld)*

*Also signed by seven others.

Point System

Dear YANK:

We have just returned from seeing the Armed Forces picture "Two Down and One to Go" to find out how the point system works. We are indignant and disillusioned.

The point system allocates no credit for combat time. It gives credit for battle stars. For six months of some of the bloodiest fighting of the war we have received one battle star. Our division left the States last September and has held the record for the longest continuous time on the line of any division in the ETO. Of our original company of 190 men there aren't more than 30 with us now, and few of those have not been to the hospital at least once. The company has been reorganized three times. For that we get one battle star.

Compare that generous offering with the case of one of our reinforcements from an ordnance outfit in France. He was with us in the attack for two days and was sent back to a hospital because of an aching side. He was in the vicinity (at least 20 miles) of the battle lines in France and spent two days in combat. For that he is entitled to wear four battle stars. The ordnance gets 20 points for combat. The infantry gets five.

The most points were given to men having children. What about the conscientious men in the infantry who, while back in the States, knowing that they were in the toughest outfit in the Army, refused to get married and have children because of the enormous possibility that they would soon leave widows and orphans or be sent home crippled.

Some romantic fool called the infantry the "Queen of Battles." We say he is a liar. She's just an old whore who is flattered a bit and tossed a few pennies for her body, but is blithely and shamefacedly set aside when her duties are no longer required.

Germany —Pvt. FRED H. GLASS*

*Also signed by ten others.

Dear YANK:

. . . I'd like to know just why an enlisted man needs so many points for a discharge and an officer needs such a low number.

The following appeared in our field newspaper: Captains and field grade officers will require the score of 70 points or more, first lieutenants 58, second lieutenants 42, flight officers 36 and warrant officers 65. Up to now at our field practically the only ones to be discharged have been men that have over 109 points—is that fair to the EM? What about some of us getting out and getting some of the good jobs too? The EM are told that they are critically needed. Doesn't the same thing go with officers?

Las Vegas AAF, Nev. —(Name Withheld)

■ The Air Force says that the article gives a false impression. The points referred to for officers are not the number of points required for release from service but are the average scores of officers in the ranks indicated. These were computed in order that a proper balance could be secured in the release of officers of different ranks. The number of points an officer holds is not the only factor which will determine whether or not he will be released. An officer might have 120 or more points and if he is needed in the prosecution of the war he will not be released. Military necessity is the governing factor.

Dear YANK:

Us boys in the ETO have a gripe to make. It seems that in your Victory Edition our friend, Sad Sack, is getting a raw deal. He has fought through Africa, Sicily and the ETO and is now about to be transferred to the Pacific. Gen Eisenhower recently made a statement that men who fought in Africa and the ETO would not be shipped to the Pacific. If this is the case then why is Sad Sack being shipped to the Pacific?

Germany —Pfc. JULIAN H. GRIFFIN

■ If the Sack were married and had three children (and who'd marry him?), he'd have 36 points. His service record has been missing ever since he was captured by the Blue Army in the Louisiana maneuvers.

Officer Veterans

Dear YANK:

Throughout his Army career the enlisted man is forced to undergo the ignominy of exclusion from affairs of a nonmilitary nature. We suggest that this policy be maintained after the war. The enlisted men should insist upon the officers (including nurses) forming their own veterans' organization, off limits to the noncommissioned GI. We do not desire them to be contaminated by association with us. . . .

India —Poor but Proud*

*Also signed by 34 other men.

Who Wears the Pants?

Dear YANK:

A few days ago our colonel's wife called a meeting of all the married men and told them that she wanted them to have their wives come up to the hospital to sew and roll bandages. Now we allow that the idea is a good one, but then she adds that if they don't comply with her request that she will find out why and they will do it. We have been subjected to this kind of thing before, but feel that this tops 'em all. We are wondering who wears the eagles and the pants in that family. How's about it, fellows, what do you think?"

—(Name Withheld)

Baxter Gen. Hosp., Wash.

Swimming Segregation

Dear YANK:

India's hot, and GIs here built a swimming pool. It was used by outfits from the whole area, which means Negro and white GIs alike, for a number of months. There may have been a certain amount of dissatisfaction during that time, I don't know. There was never any trouble.

Recently we got a new group CO, and one of his first official acts was to chalk off hours when the pool was to be used by Negroes, separately.

I think this segregation is lousy and uncalled-for. What I want to know is can anything be done about it?

It goes without saying that the Negro men are a hell of a lot more PO'd about this than I am. They can't remember anybody getting finicky about the color of their skin when their turn came in the draft, or when overseas duty was being handed out.

India —(Name Withheld)

Limited Service

Dear YANK:

Now that Germany has finally been defeated, the time has arrived to release from service the thousands of GIs with disabilities, who were inducted for "limited service" only and who are "permanently disqualified for overseas duty" due to the progressive nature of their respective disabilities. There are thousands of men in this category in air bases throughout the country and also in other Army - housekeeping installations. The need for their services to the country is over. I feel that they should be released from the service now that Germany has fallen.

Hamilton Field, Calif. —Cpl. RALPH TAYLOR

Strictly GI

GI Clothing For Liberated Areas. Unserviceable Army clothing is now being reconditioned for distribution to needy civilians in liberated European and Pacific areas. Only clothing absolutely unfit for further Army use will be distributed.

Hospital Fleets. The U. S. hospital-ship fleet, which has returned nearly 60,000 sick and wounded GIs to the U. S., will be increased 50 percent in capacity by mid-summer, according to an OWI report. The Army expects to bring home all ETO sick and wounded able to travel within three months. After that, most of the 20-ship Atlantic fleet will be diverted to the Pacific.

Milk for Hospital Ships. Wounded GIs returning from overseas on hospital ships will get whole milk, instead of the powdered kind, now that the Army has discovered a new method of quick-freezing cow juice. About 30,000 pints of frozen whole milk are being shipped monthly from Charleston and Boston, and additional large amounts go from New York, New Orleans, San Francisco and Seattle. According to the Surgeon General's Office, the frozen milk not only tastes like the real stuff, but has a lower bacterial count than the milk supply of the average American home.

New Incendiary. A new incendiary bomb has been developed by the Chemical Warfare Service for the air war against Japan. The official name is the M74; the bomb weighs 10 pounds, is tubular-shaped and throws out a blend of violently inflammable chemicals, which ooze over the target like natural lava from a volcano, when the bomb strikes. One of the ingredients is "goop," magnesium coated with asphalt mass. Gobs of the lava fly for 25 yards, land under the eaves and against the walls of a target, cling to the surface and burn.

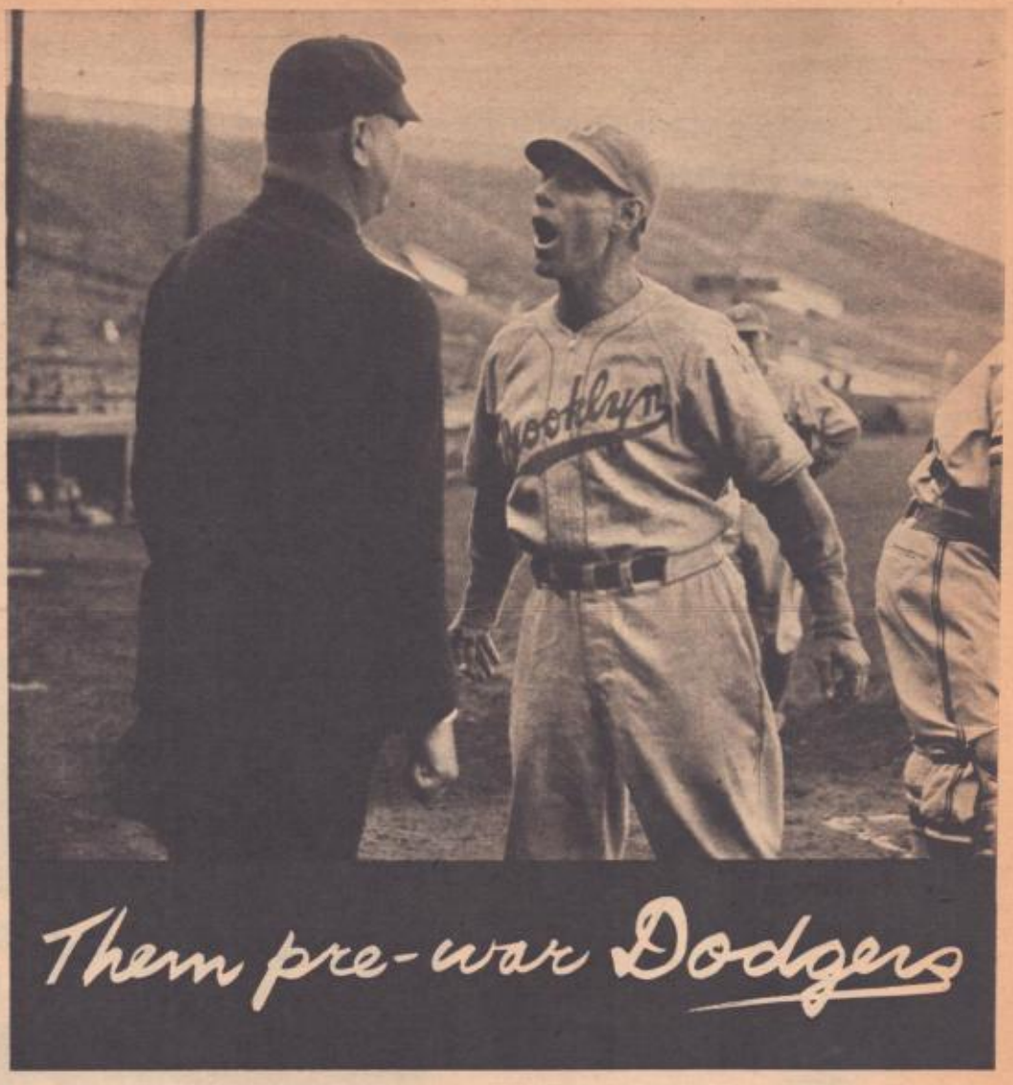
"Very interesting! Now *I'll* do some quoting—from the Articles of War!"

—Cpl. Tom Flannery

Evelyn Ankers
YANK
Pin-up Girl

Frank Graham's complete history of the Bums from 1883 to Branch Rickey mixes plenty of anecdotes with its collection of important facts, figures and frolics.

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Writer



AFTER Frank Graham wrote "The New York Yankees" and "McGraw of the Giants," two of the best baseball books ever published in this country, his friends naturally demanded a similar job of research on the growth and development of the national pastime in the Borough of Brooklyn. His command performance, "The Brooklyn Dodgers: An Informal History" (G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.75) is now disappearing from the book stores under people's arms.

Your reporter recommends this Dodger book because your reporter happens to be a sucker for the kind of baseball history Graham writes with plenty of dialogue and plenty of small detail about who was on second and who was on third during this or that important inning. But Graham's treatise on the Bums hasn't as much excitement or drama as his reports on the Yankees and John McGraw.

The Dodgers through the years have perhaps played more colorful and amusing baseball than the Yankees and the McGraw Giants but they have never produced really great teams like those at the Stadium and the Polo Grounds. A carefully exact and objective reporter like Graham can't very well be expected to write a great book unless he is writing about a great team. The peculiar qualities of the Dodgers would be better handled by somebody more concerned with comic effects rather than with scores, batting averages and league standings. It is a pity that Ring Lardner isn't here to take on the job.

Nevertheless, this informal history of the Dodgers—and how could a history of the Dodgers be anything but informal?—has a lot of comedy in it. It begins with the beginning of professional baseball in Brooklyn in 1883 and continues through that strange period in the 1890s when the Dodgers played their games in East New York, and the eras of Ned Hanlon, Willie Keeler, Hughie Jennings and Nap Rucker when the club was known as the Superbas and hung its hat at Washington Park.

Those were the days. The people who lived in Ginney Flats across the street from the park rented seats on their fire escapes at a dime a head. Growlers of beer from the nearby saloons were hauled up to the fire escapes on ropes. Terry McGovern, the fighter, worked out with the team every morning and Giant fans were afraid to follow their heroes from the Bronx to Brooklyn.

Then Graham takes you on through the administrations at Ebbets Field of Charley Ebbets, Ed and Steve McKeever and Larry MacPhail, ending the book with the coming of Branch Rickey.

THE pages devoted to the MacPhail years contain stuff that's pretty fresh in our memory—the constant firing and rehiring of Leo Durocher; Billy Herman's remark about Brooklyn baseball enthusiasm, "Every day it's like a World Series game around here"; Mickey Owen's famous muff of Tommy Henrich's third strike in the 1941 World Series; the denunciation of MacPhail by Bill Klem, "You are an applehead! I repeat, you are an applehead and a counterfeit!"; the beanball wars of 1942 and Durocher's statement after the Cards beat him by two games for the pennant that year: "We won 104 games, didn't we? What the hell do they want me to do? Win them all?"

And of course Dan Parker's memorable epic poem, "Leave Us Go Root for the Dodgers, Rodgers," which became Brooklyn's marching song:

Murgatroyd Darcy, a broad from Carnarsie
Went 'round with a fellow named Rodge,
At dancing a rumba or jitterbug numbah
You couldn't beat Rodge—'twas his dodge.
The pair danced together throughout the cold weather
But when the trees blossomed again
Miss Murgatroyd Darcy, the belle of Carnarsie,
To Rodgers would sing this refrain:

Leave us go root for the Dodgers, Rodgers,
They're playing ball under the lights.
Leave us cut out all the juke jernts, Rodgers,
Where we've been wastin' our nights.
Dancin' the shag or the rumba is silly
When we can be rooting for Adolf Camilli,
So leave us go root for the Dodgers, Rodgers,
Them Dodgers is my gallant knights.

But the book also gives an equal share of attention to the Wilbert Robinson Dodgers, the Casey Stengel Dodgers and the Burleigh Grimes' Dodgers who, although they were never as nationally famous as the Leo Durocher Dodgers, were often more entertaining.

These Bums of the 1920s and 1930s included such characters as Jacques Fournier, the veteran first baseman, who with Dazzy Vance, Jess Petty and Grimes during the Robinson regime gave the club its first real flavor of daffiness. One day a young and nervous pitcher called Fournier over from first base and asked him how to pitch to Rogers Hornsby of the Cardinals, who at that moment was approaching the plate.

"On the inside," said Fournier.

The rookie nodded gratefully but Hornsby knocked his first inside pitch down the third base line for a double. The pitcher looked over at Fournier reproachfully.

"You said he couldn't hit a ball on the inside."

"I didn't say that," Fournier replied. "I just said to pitch to him on the inside. I've got a wife and family to support and I don't want you pitching to him on the outside so he'll be hitting those drives at me."

Then there was the notorious Babe Herman, who hit to right field in a game with the Braves in 1926 and ended up on third base which was already occupied by two other Dodgers. One of the reporters wrote about the incident, "Being tagged out was much too good for Herman."

Herman, a great hitter, was almost as bad as an outfielder as he was a base runner. Tom Meany, then covering the Dodgers for the New York *World-Telegram*, frequently remarked in print that Herman was in constant danger of being hit on the head by a fly ball.

Graham tells how the Babe cornered Meany one day and made a bet that if a fly ever struck him on the head he would walk off the field and never come back.

"How about getting hit on the shoulder, Babe?" Meany asked.

"Oh, no," said Herman seriously. "On the shoulder don't count."

Another time Herman had a long conversation with Joe Gordon of the New York *American*, also one of his outstanding critics. The Babe pleaded with Gordon to stop treating him like a clown on the sports pages. Gordon, finally impressed by Herman's appeal, agreed that his chances of making a living would be hurt if he became too renowned as a joke ball player and promised to let him alone in the future.

"Thanks, Joe," said Herman. He reached in his pocket, pulled out a charred cigar butt which he stuck in to his mouth and fumbled for matches.

"Here's a match," said Gordon.

Before he could strike it, the Babe inhaled deeply a few times and the cigar butt began to glow and smoke.

"Never mind," he said. "It's lit."

Gordon flew into a rage. "What I just said doesn't go," he cried. "It's all off. Nobody who carries lighted cigars around in his pocket can tell me he isn't a clown."

As Richard Maney remarked in his New York *Times* review of the book, Graham omitted one of the most typical Dodger stories. It concerned Van Lingle Mungo, now with the Giants, and the time that Manager Grimes decided to forbid wives from traveling with the club on the road. Mungo, ignoring the rule, took Mrs. Mungo to Boston with him. Grimes called him on the carpet to explain.

"Listen," Mungo said. "My wife can play right field better than Winsett. If he can make the trip, so should she."

SO many of Evelyn Ankers' movie roles have been in thriller-dillers she's been dubbed "The Horror Queen." However, there is nothing horrible about the young lady herself, as you can see by glancing to the left. Evelyn is a blue-eyed blonde, 5 feet 6 inches tall. She weighs 125. Her new movie for Universal Pictures is "The Frozen Ghost."

The NISEI Problem

The government has checked and double-checked these citizens of Jap descent, but some West Coast neighbors don't want them to come home.

By Pvt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Writer

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Out in California's bronze, sage-covered Owens Valley, a couple of hundred miles northeast of Los Angeles, lies a cluster of tar-papered barracks so much resembling an Army base from a distance that the approaching visitor half expects to see a batch of dust-caked rookies shuffling around in a vague approximation of close-order drill.

This is no military base; it is the Manzanar War Relocation Center, one of 10 such installations set up in 1942 following an emergency order issued by the Army, compelling all persons of Japanese ancestry living within 200 miles of the Pacific Coast to move out of the area and, by later presidential ruling, into segregation centers.

The order was considered imperative at the time because Japan, right after Pearl Harbor, held the upper hand in the Pacific, and the Army, facing a threat of invasion, felt obliged to take any and all steps to guard the nation's safety in time of peril. Last January, however, the Army decided that the Japs had been sufficiently whipped to make the segregation of persons with Japanese blood in their veins no longer necessary, and the emergency order was revoked.

At that time there were 112,000 Japanese-Americans confined in the 10 camps. The singular fact is that in June, five months after the people in the camps had been enthusiastically encouraged to leave, only 57,000 of the 112,000 had chosen to do so; the remaining 55,000 were sitting pat, preparing to remain where they were—behind barbed wire.

This seemingly peculiar attitude doesn't mean that the average Japanese-American is any happier than the next man about living in barracks. What it does mean is that many of the 55,000 Japanese-Americans who have stayed on in the relocation centers in preference to regaining their liberty are afraid of the treatment they'll get at the hands of their former neighbors if they leave the protection of their camps. It is a situation that has been creating a headache for officials in Washington and on the West Coast for the past several months.

Takeyoshi Arikawa, a former produce dealer of Los Angeles, is one of the Japanese-Americans at Manzanar who has felt it best to stay put. Recently, seated with some members of his family in one of the bare little apartments into which the Manzanar barracks have been partitioned, he explained his point of view. "I would like to take my people back home," he said, "but there are too many people in Los Angeles who would resent our return. These are troubled times for America. Why should I cause this country any more trouble?"

Arikawa's dilemma would seem awkward enough if he spoke only as a Japanese-born American, loyal to the country of his adoption but inevitably suspect until proved innocent because we are now at war with his native land. However, what complicates a rational approach to Arikawa's case, which is similar to hundreds of other cases, is the fact that he has three sons in the Army, all volunteers. Rather, it should be said he *had* three sons in the Army; one, Frank Arikawa, was killed in action in Italy on July 6, 1944. The other two were fighting right up to VE-Day with the 442d Regimental Combat Team, an outfit that made a distinguished name for itself in Italy, France and Germany and was rewarded by a Presidential citation.

Old Takeyoshi Arikawa is an *Issei*, meaning that he is a Japanese born in Japan and, as such, can never under our present laws become an American citizen. His sons, having been born in the States of Japanese parents, are called *Nisei*. Like the Arikawa boys, many other *Nisei* GIs have turned in outstanding performances in this war. The 442d, for instance, is composed entirely of *Nisei*, and so is the 100th Infantry Battalion, which also fought in Italy, France and Germany and won a Presidential citation. It reads:

The fortitude and intrepidity displayed by the officers and men of the 100th Battalion reflect the finest traditions of the Army of the United States.

Takeyoshi Arikawa, as noted, feels "there are too many people in Los Angeles who would resent our return." Naturally, from his point of view, if only one person felt resentful to the point of violence that would be "too many," whereas events in recent months have demonstrated that there are a considerable number of persons on the West Coast who don't want the Japanese-Americans to return and who are of the type that will resort to strong-arm methods to prevent it.

How large a proportion of the population out this way feels competent to take the law into its own hands is anybody's guess but, judging by a recent

Pvt. Noboru N. Kaneko (third from left), a Japanese-American, with three other hospitalized GIs. Kaneko, born in Hawaii, fought with the 34th division in Italy and was wounded near Cassino. With him are S/Sgt. Lloyd A. Taylor of Sixth Air Force; S/Sgt. Harry J. Swartz, Pacific veteran, and Pvt. Manuel R. Castello, Fifth Army.

Yoshio Nakado, 28, a U. S. citizen, left his farm in California to join the Army.

Takeysohi Arikawa sits in the Manzanar Relocation Center with his wife and young son John. His son Frank was killed in action in Italy.

statement on the subject by Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, the group, although belligerently active, is not large.

After announcing that during four months on the West Coast there had been 24 incidents of violence and intimidation against persons of Japanese descent by "hoodlums" operating on "a pattern of planned terrorism," Ickes said: "It is a matter of national concern because this lawless minority whose actions are condemned by the decent citizens who make up an overwhelming majority of West Coast residents seems determined to employ its Nazi storm-trooper tactics against loyal Japanese-Americans and law-abiding Japanese aliens in spite of state laws and Constitutional safeguards designed to protect the lives and property of all the people of this country."

Then, paying tribute to the *Nisei* who at the moment were engaged in fighting the Japs in the Philippines and on Okinawa, Ickes needled the self-appointed West Coast vigilantes in the spot it probably hurt most. "They," he said, referring to the *Nisei* GIs, "are far more in the American tradition than the race-baiters fighting a private war safely at home."

Here may be a few of the reasons why so many *Issei* and not a few *Nisei* continue to believe that they're better off in concentration camps: In Placer County, Calif., a gang led by an AWOL Army private named Elmer R. Johnson dynamited a fruit-packing shed owned by a Japanese-American and fired shotguns into a *Nisei* farmer's home. Johnson, it came out, had gone over the hill after being slated for overseas duty.

Then there was the case of two *Nisei* soldiers on furlough who were stoned while passing through Parker, Calif., on their way to visit a relocation center at Poston, Ariz. And in Poston itself, a discharged *Nisei* veteran was thrown out of a barber shop. He probably was foolish to enter the establishment in the first place, since there was a sign in the window reading, "Keep Out, Japs, You Rats," but he may have believed that his seven decorations (one of them a Purple Heart), plus the fact that he was crippled, entitled him to a little consideration.

In the light of such incidents it would not be strange if the Japanese-Americans who were huddled in the safety of their segregation camps merely shrugged their shoulders when told that two American Legion posts on the West Coast had refused to place the names of *Nisei* GIs on their Second World War memorials.

Conceivably, the people responsible for such acts are motivated by continued fears of espionage and sabotage. If such is the case, however, it is clear on the basis of the record that their fears are about as little grounded in fact as were the hysterics over witches in New England back in the 17th century. All the Japanese-Americans during their stay in segregation camps have been questioned in detail concerning their knowledge of the Japanese language, the number of trips (if any) they had made to Japan, the identity of their Japanese relatives, their religious affiliations and their financial interests.

As the Army said when it told the Japanese-Americans that they could leave the camps: "These people are the most carefully scrutinized minority in America." Compared with the dope the Government has on each Japanese-American it sets free, the average GI's 201 card contains about as much information as a laundry ticket.

Few people in the Midwest, East or South know much about Japanese-Americans; many of them have never even seen a *Nisei*. Although the Japanese started immigrating to the States away back in 1869, few have ever strayed far from the West Coast, where the majority of them have shown a strong clannish spirit.

Talking the other day with a West Coast man who plainly didn't care a great deal for his Japanese-American neighbors, I asked him what grudges he and his friends had against them. "Oh, hell," he replied, irritably. "Those people breed like rabbits. There's at least a million of them out here on the West Coast. They use human manure as fertilizer on their farms. They stick to themselves and they're all agents of Japan. Why, just look where they live—right next to some of our biggest naval bases. . . ."

Government officials say that most of these accusations are way off base. The Japanese-Americans, I learned, do not breed like rabbits; on the contrary, from 1930 to 1940 the number of persons of Japanese ancestry in the U. S. slumped nearly 9 percent. Far from there being a million Japanese-Americans on the West Coast, at the time of Pearl Harbor there were only 127,000 of them in the whole U. S., and no more, of course, have come in since. Japanese-Americans who farm do not use human manure as fertilizer and are, instead, considered by agricultural experts to be as progressive and scientific as any farmers on the Pacific Coast.

On the other hand, I was told, there's no denying that in the past plenty of Japanese-Americans have lived near important naval bases. Most of them were legitimate fishermen living, along with other legitimate fishermen of Portuguese, Italian and Mexican extraction, in centers like Terminal Island at San Pedro. Whether or not all the Japanese-Americans had good reasons for living where they did, the fact remains that since Pearl Harbor there hasn't been a single case of sabotage of any significance on the West Coast. What's more, high-ranking Naval Intelligence officers say that Japanese-Americans have been among their best informants on enemy activity.

Life is not easy for those Japanese-Americans who have ventured back to their old homes on the Coast, although when I visited a few of them not long ago I found them for the most part hopeful, if not entirely happy. The first place I stopped at was the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Hitoshi Nitta, a few miles outside of Santa Ana, Calif. The Nittas were married while both were interned in the Colorado River Relocation Center and now have a year-old son. The husband, a graduate of the California Polytechnic Institute, has a temporary deferment from his draft board so that he can get the farm in shape, after which he plans to enter the Army and leave his 62-year-old father to carry on. Both Mr. and Mrs. Nitta are natives of Santa Ana and belong to the Methodist Church there.

Nitta's wife, Mary, a graduate of the University of Southern California, has a brother, Pvt. Eichi Yamagata, who served in France with the 442d. She told me that she and her husband had been warmly welcomed back to Santa Ana by neighbors who had known them all their lives, including Mrs. Roy Corry, whose son, Lt. Roy Corry Jr., was killed on Guadalcanal. However, she said, some johnnies-come-lately to the community had been less cordial.

"The first day we were home," she explained, "a group of people dropped by in two cars. They told us we'd better get out of Santa Ana or there'd be trouble. We listened to them, but we didn't say anything and we didn't leave." The next day, Mrs. Nitta went on, two more groups called with the same warning, and then a few days after that a nondescript character who had once worked on a nearby farm dropped in. He reminded the Nittas that he was a "friend" of theirs and told them that most of the people in Santa Ana resented the couple's return.

"There's a mob getting together tonight," he said, "and they plan to come out and shoot the place up." Nitta notified the police and a deputy sheriff was sent out to the farm, but nothing happened. That was the last time the couple were bothered.

"I don't believe the majority of the people want us to leave," Mrs. Nitta said. "They've had lots of chances to show their feelings about us. I go into town shopping at least once a day and everyone has been very nice to me. I think they're being nice because they want to be. With the situation the way it is in some places, they certainly don't have to be hypocritical about it."

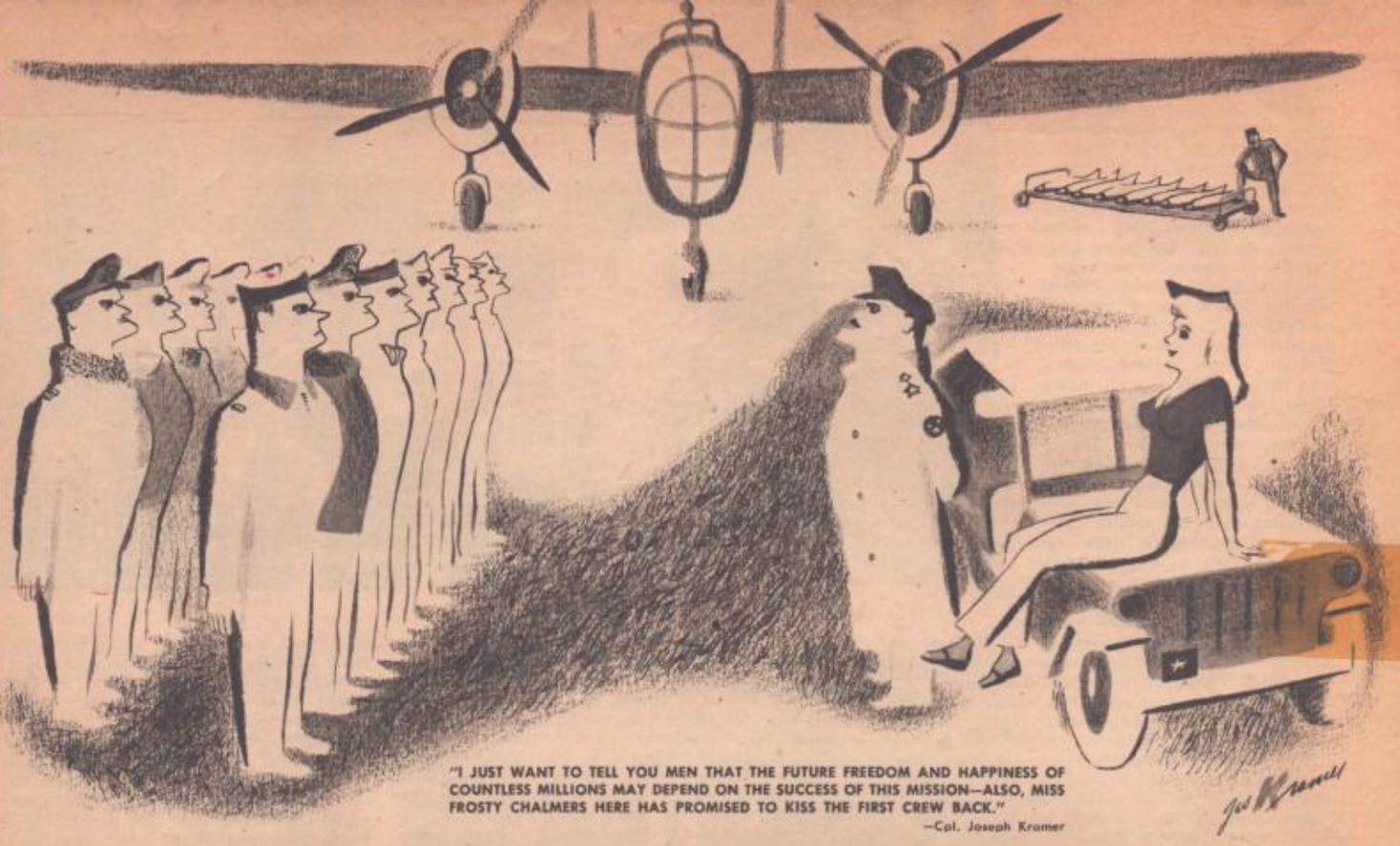
Her husband agreed. "I had to get some parts for a tractor," he said, "and getting parts these days is pretty tough, but by running around between half a dozen firms I managed to get most of them. They were all cooperative and willing to help out. My dad and I had traded with most of them before the war. However, there was one fellow who said he wouldn't do business with a Japanese but would give me what I wanted if I'd send around a Mexican who works on the farm. I said, 'No thanks.' "

Nitta was upset about the death of Lt. Corry. "Roy was one of my best friends," he said. "We went to the same school and played softball together. I feel as bad about Roy's death as I do about some of my *Nisei* friends who've been killed in France. When my deferment is up, I'm going into the Army. I'll be proud to be an American soldier with a chance to fight for my country. You can't blame people for hating the enemy of our country, Japan. But I'm an American. Mrs. Corry, who has known me since I was a kid, understands that and so do my other Caucasian friends. Someday, I think the rest of the country will, too."

I also stopped by at the ten-acre farm of 62-year-old Ginzo Nakada, who lives with his crippled wife, Kagi, and four minor children just outside Covina, Calif. At his age, Nakada doesn't view life as cheerfully as the Nittas do. In addition to the kids at home, he has seven sons in the Army, two of them with the 442d overseas. Nakada finds it tough supporting his family on his 10 acres, especially since he has few implements to help him with the task. The Government requisitioned his tractor and some other equipment, and what the Government didn't requisition, vandals stole.

"It took me quite a while to build this place so that I could make a living for my family," Nakada told me. "Now I'm almost back to where I started 40 years ago. When the war is over and my sons come back I ought to be able to make things run again, but right now, with the war and so little to work with and the way people feel these days, it's hard. But we'll see."

Nakada showed me a letter from Pfc. Saburo Nakada, one of his sons in Europe. It struck a brighter note. In it, young Nakada boasted about the citation his outfit had received, asked for a fountain pen, told about getting a pfc stripe after three years in the Army, and wound up by writing: "Guys in other outfits treat us swell and the division we're working with is damn proud of us. Don't worry too much about going home to Covina. I think now the people will understand." Old Ginzo Nakada hopes they will.



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—Cpl. Joseph Kramer

"CORPORAL, ARE YOU *SURE* THAT'S THE SITUATION TODAY?"
—Sgt. Robert MacMillan

"OKAY, OKAY—SO I MADE A MISTAKE."
—M/Sgt. Ted Miller

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